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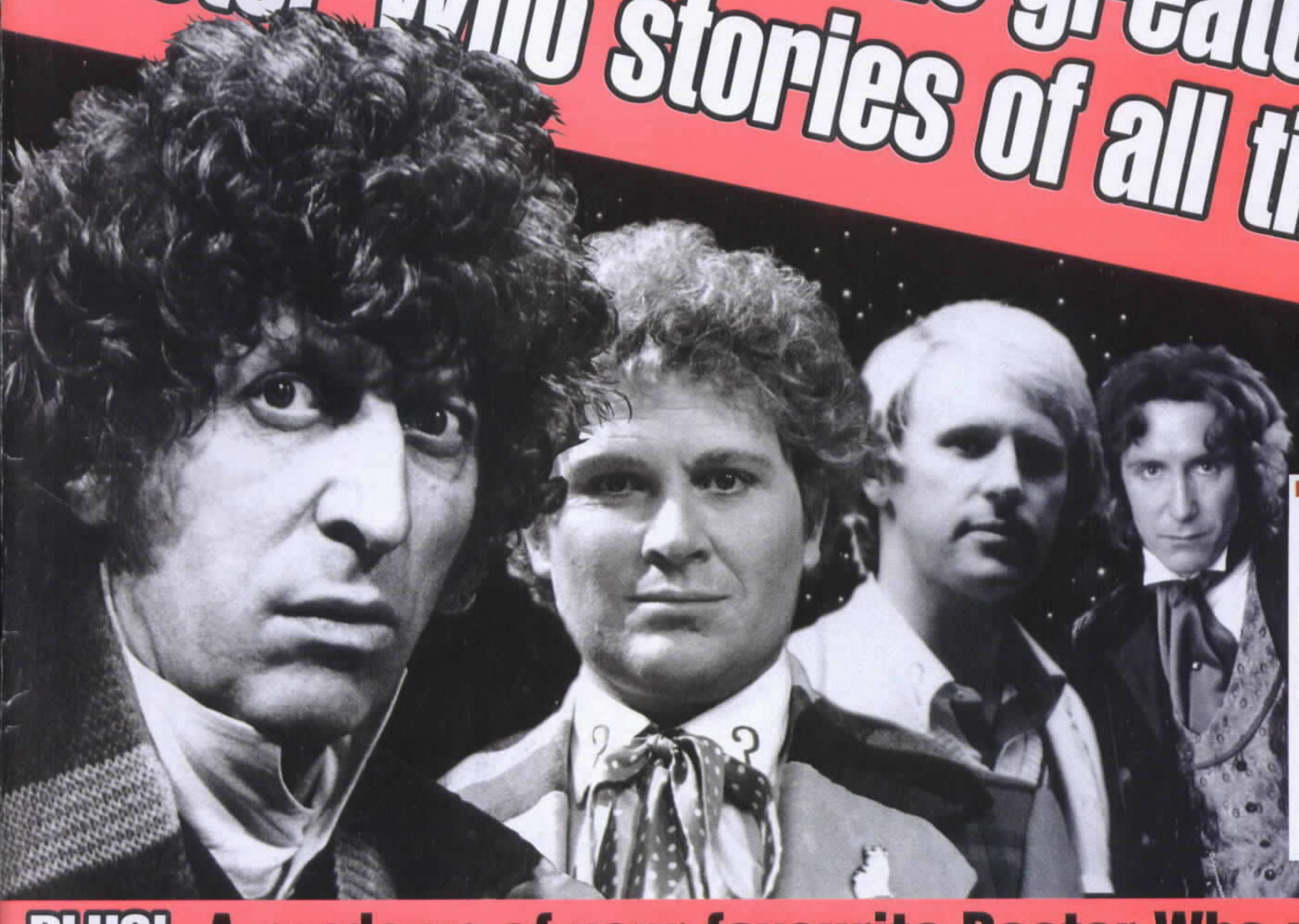

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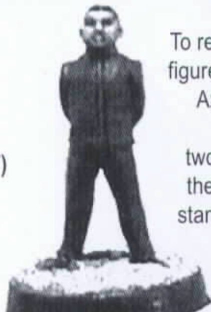

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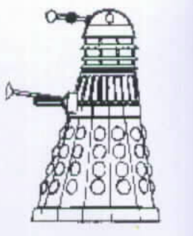

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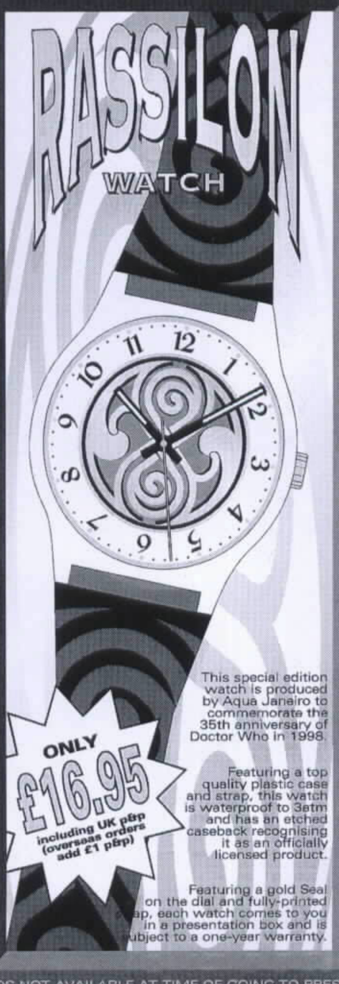

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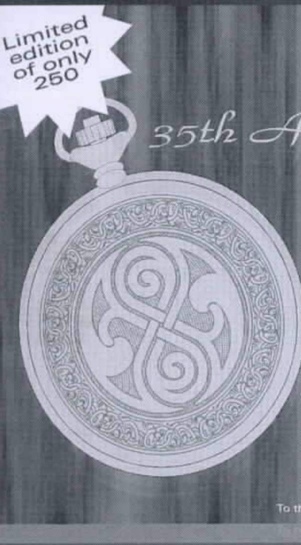

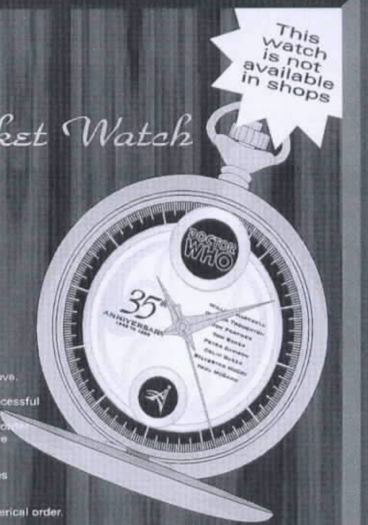

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This issue . . .

4 & 34
The DWM Awards

The DWM Awards
and 1997 Readers' Survey
The great TV Doctor Who opinion poll
Best BBC Eighth Doctor novel of 1997
Survey continues . . .

Frankly, you guys and girls have amazed me once again. When we started the ball rolling on this whole **DWM** Awards thing, I guessed that maybe we'd see around 1000 forms returned. My jaw was already on the floor by the time we passed the grand-and-half mark; I was flat on my back dribbling at 2000 and finally crumbled to dust and fluff at 2600.

I pulled myself together later, and Alan and I decided to record the moment with the not-staged-at-all photograph above. (He's the smug-looking babe magnet on the right.) The photo's a bit egotistical, you say? Well you try illustrating the concept of 'awards' on a contents page without giving anything away . . .

It was only after all this that I finally remembered I hadn't filled in a form myself – an opportunity I couldn't miss, because I'm still just another opinionated fan who can't bear to miss a chance to tell the world what does and doesn't make good *Doctor Who*.

I filled in the '10's and '1's first to set myself a benchmark. Having been raised in the *Doctor Who* fan culture of criticism in the eighties, the '1's were easier. Just one stroke of the pen was needed to assign the painful *Silver Nemesis*, *Battlefield*, *The Dominators* and *The Curse of Peladon* to oblivion.

For the '10's, well . . . *Horror of Fang Rock*, naturally, then *Survival*, *Enlightenment*, *Trial* 9-12 (yes, really), *The War Games*, *The Aztecs*, *Kinda*, *Destiny of the Daleks*, *Logopolis*, and *The Androids of Tara* as well. Office policy sadly deprived me of another chance to champion the masterful *K9 and Company*, so *The Invisible Enemy* got a consolation '10' in a fit of pique.

I won't go into my marks for the books, for fear of offending friends who I lied to about liking their work when I secretly lobbed it down the length of the 08.47 from London Bridge in disgust. I actually caught a blotchy Danish exchange student with a glancing blow from a tumbling copy of *War of the Daleks*, which I suppose was suitable revenge for the singles of Aqua if nothing else.

Anyway, I'm off my point. We've celebrated your amazing response to the survey by commissioning some of fandom's top writers to reconsider your top ten. I hope you enjoy this very special issue.

Oh, and you won't *believe* the comic strip . . .

Gary

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **Adrian Rigelsford, BBC Books, Virgin Books, Dave Owen, all the writers of the 'Top Ten' reviews who worked to especially tight deadlines, and the countless enthusiastic compilers of the poll results.**

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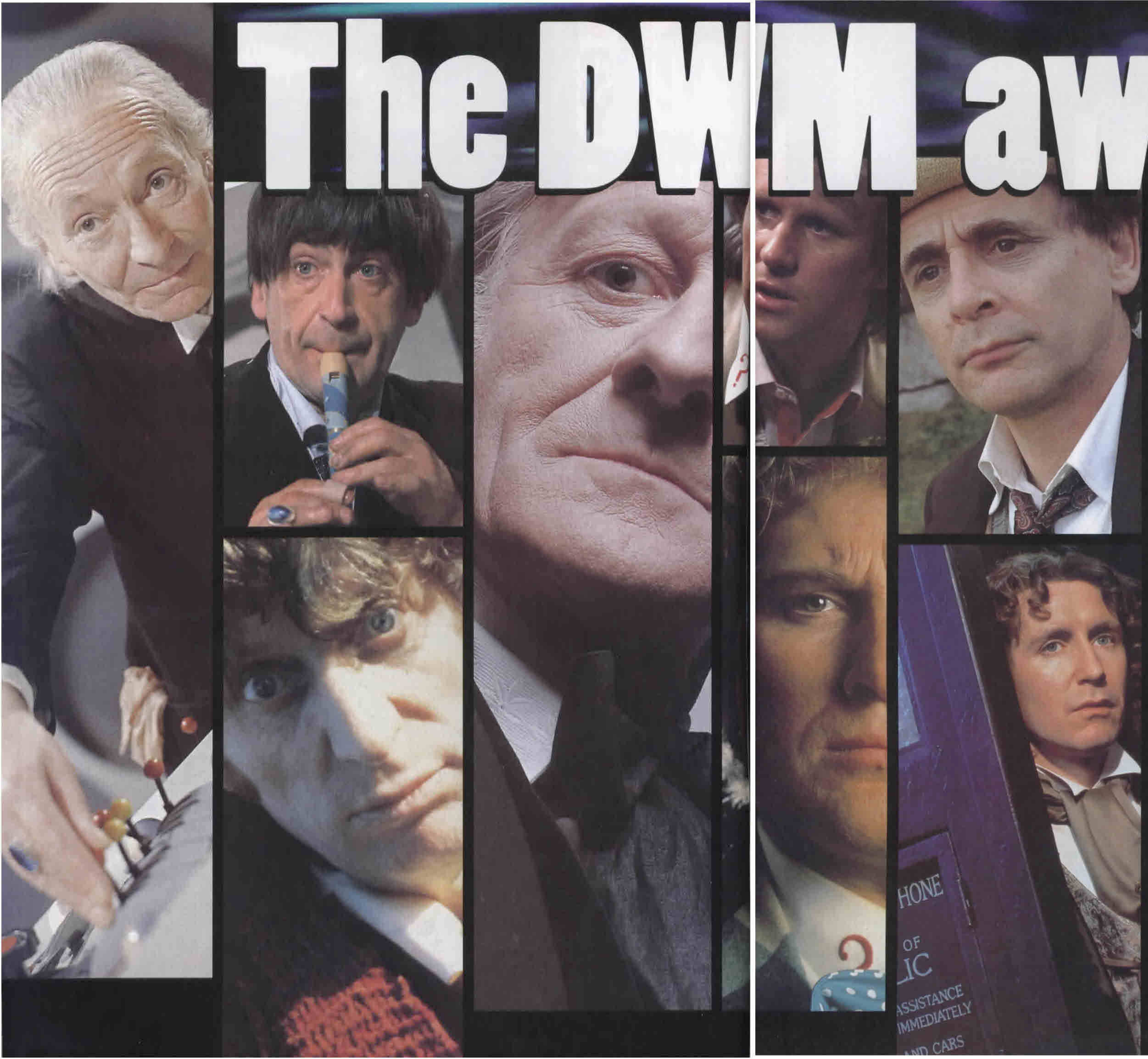
The DWM awards



Almost the entirety of this special issue is given over to the results of the DWM Awards, the single largest survey of *Doctor Who* fan opinion ever undertaken.

A staggering 2600 of you – or thereabouts – have helped compile this definitive, once-and-for-all statement of the Doctor's greatest ever adventures, both on screen and in print. In these pages, you'll be able to read ten of fandom's very best writers on the Top Ten television tales, discover the highs and lows of Virgin's *New* and *Missing Adventures* and take heed of some perhaps startling conclusions drawn from our survey. But first . . .

Back in **DWM** 260, we asked you to rate every single television *Doctor Who* story between one and ten, one being 'not much cop' and ten being 'top!' We weren't worried if you'd not seen everything; we only asked you to evaluate those stories you felt you could give an honest opinion on. A proportionate tally method was used to ensure a level playing field. The results are tabulated overleaf. The first figure shows the number of people who voted for each story; the second its average score out of ten, represented as a percentage to two decimal places. Eyebrows were raised by the inclusion of both *Shada* and *Dimensions in Time*, two tales the so-called 'canonicity' of which causes endless controversy; as such, we've shown the final scores for each of these and the position where they fall, but haven't ascribed a ranking number to them to reflect their dubious semi-official status. And so, in reverse order . . .

The Twin Dilemma

The Sixth Doctor's debut earns the dubious distinction of being officially the least-loved *bona fide Doctor Who* adventure: "*The Twin Dilemma* is a very traditional *Doctor Who* story – ranting maniac defeated by Doctor . . . we wanted a simplistic story in order for the audience to concentrate on the new Doctor" [producer John Nathan-Turner in fanzine *DWB*, 1984]

Note: First column of figures indicates the number of respondents expressing an opinion. Second column is average mark expressed as a percentage.

---	Dimensions in Time	2225	30.63%
159	The Twin Dilemma	2390	43.68%
158	The Space Pirates	1385	44.08%
157	Timelash	2310	45.26%
156	The Underwater Menace	1205	45.48%
155	Time-Flight	2240	46.16%
154	Time and the Rani	2485	46.86%
153	Underworld	1995	47.27%
152	Paradise Towers	2460	49.55%
151	The Gunfighters	1435	49.97%
150	Delta and the Bannermen	2245	50.78%
149	The Horns of Nimon	2105	52.42%
148	The Dominators	2235	52.57%
147	The Space Museum	1425	52.63%
146	Warriors of the Deep	2470	54.37%
145	The Power of Kroll	2340	54.47%
144	The Time Monster	1950	55.28%
143	The Web Planet	2025	55.41%
142	The Mutants	1915	55.43%
141	The Krotons	2165	55.47%
140	The King's Demons	2445	56.26%
139	Four to Doomsday	2160	56.67%
138	Meglos	2155	56.68%
137	The Savages	1005	56.92%
136	Nightmare of Eden	2070	57.08%
135	The Monster of Peladon	2255	57.36%
134	The Rescue	2165	57.39%
133	The Sensorites	1470	57.45%
132	The Creature from the Pit	2055	57.62%
131	Terminus	2390	57.68%
130	Galaxy 4	1005	58.16%
129	The Myth Makers	970	58.30%
128	Colony in Space	1880	58.38%
127	The Trial of a Time Lord 5-8	2515	58.41%
126	Dragonfire	2515	58.49%
125	The Invisible Enemy	2075	58.60%
124	Planet of Giants	1550	58.84%
123	The Trial of a Time Lord 1-4	2525	59.76%
122	The Chase	2285	59.87%
121	The Smugglers	1025	60.15%
120	The Ark	1400	60.29%
119	Invasion of the Dinosaurs	2045	60.34%
118	Mission to the Unknown	965	60.78%
117	Arc of Infinity	2525	60.83%
116	The Happiness Patrol	2500	60.88%
115	Silver Nemesis	2480	61.37%
114	Inside the Spaceship	1545	61.42%
113	The Claws of Axos	2380	61.66%
112	Death to the Daleks	2460	61.97%
111	The Armageddon Factor	2320	61.98%
110	The Romans	2155	62.09%
109	Revenge of the Cybermen	2440	62.19%
108	The Enemy of the World	1455	62.27%
107	The Mark of the Rani	2430	62.47%
106	The Trial of a Time Lord 9-12	2515	63.36%
105	The Keys of Marinus	1610	63.57%
104	The Wheel in Space	1670	63.77%
---	Shada	2000	64.05%
103	The Reign of Terror	1130	64.29%
102	The Macra Terror	1540	64.45%
101	Destiny of the Daleks	2465	64.81%
100	Planet of the Daleks	2435	65.01%
99	The Invasion of Time	2105	65.14%
98	The Time Meddler	2185	65.15%
97	Battlefield	2450	65.24%
96	The Highlanders	1185	65.44%
95	The Sun Makers	2080	65.55%
94	The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve	955	65.71%
93	The Seeds of Death	2120	65.73%
92	Attack of the Cybermen	2290	66.35%
91	The Awakening	2425	66.64%
90	The Ribos Operation	2375	66.67%
89	Doctor Who (1996)	2575	66.97%
88	The Android Invasion	2405	67.03%

Highs, lows and some strange statistics

(stop reading now if you wish to savour the best of *Doctor Who* unveiled in reverse order . . .)

- Only the Second, Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Doctors achieve a Top Ten placing. Passing over *Dimensions* for convenience's sake, we see that Third Doctor fans needn't be too saddened by their particular hero's absence from the uppermost ranks, for he's actually the only Doctor to escape inclusion in the bottom ten – and *Spearhead From Space* is the most popular debut of any Doctor, easing out *The Power of the Daleks* by just a few decimal places.

- The First Doctor doesn't show until 22, and the Sixth until 34 – both aided by the Daleks. The Sixth doesn't turn up again until 50, and even then he needs the assistance of the Second; it's not until 72, just above the half-way mark, that he carries a story solo.

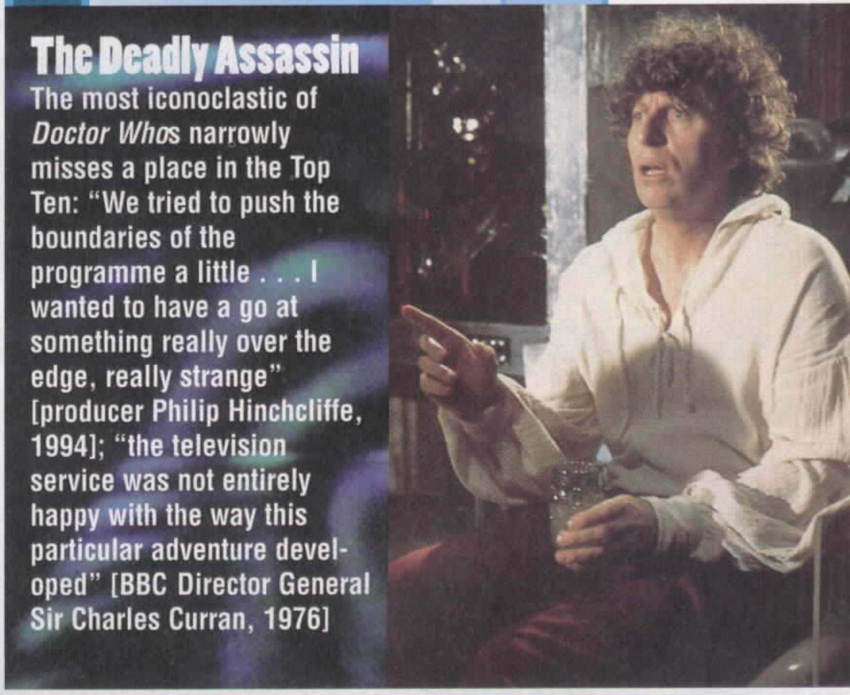
- These general observations can be supported by averaging out the scores for each Doctor's serials. Favourite Doctor, according to such an analysis, is Tom Baker, with an average of 70.49%. Pertwee scrapes into second with 69.18%, narrowly ahead of Troughton's 69.13%. Davison takes fourth place (67.89%) and Paul McGann's sole adventure puts him fifth (66.97%). With 64.63%, McCoy is at number six. Hartnell's Doctor is behind, with 64.29%. And Colin Baker's Sixth Doctor comes a clear last, with just 62.27%.

Pertwee: second favourite Doctor

- Favourite seasons, according to the same methodology, produces a not-unsurprising first and last, but some interesting other results. 1st: Fourteen (78.43%). 2nd: Seven (77.63%). 3rd: Thirteen (76.53%). 4th: Five

87	Robot	2445	67.06%
86	The Trial of a Time Lord 13-14	2515	67.18%
85	Snakedance	2465	67.22%
84	The Greatest Show in the Galaxy	2350	67.28%
83	The Face of Evil	2160	67.52%
82	The Androids of Tara	2360	67.69%
81	Day of the Daleks	2490	67.77%
80	The Leisure Hive	2410	68.01%
79	The Faceless Ones	1265	68.02%
78	Planet of Fire	2185	68.08%
77	The Pirate Planet	2400	68.27%
76	Mawdryn Undead	2520	68.77%
75	The Moonbase	1755	68.97%
74	100,000 BC	2420	69.19%
73	The Ambassadors of Death	1875	69.33%
72	Vengeance on Varos	2450	69.51%
71	Planet of Evil	2415	69.73%
70	The Sontaran Experiment	2410	69.92%
69	The Crusade	1425	70.28%
68	Planet of the Spiders	2390	70.31%
67	The Hand of Fear	2385	70.44%
66	The Curse of Peladon	2410	70.52%
65	The Mind of Evil	1880	70.53%
64	The Celestial Toymaker	1650	70.61%
63	Frontier in Space	2360	70.95%
62	Black Orchid	2500	70.98%
61	Frontios	2415	70.99%
60	Carnival of Monsters	2450	71.04%
59	Enlightenment	2460	71.16%
58	Image of the Fendahl	2315	71.19%
57	Marco Polo	1105	71.45%
56	The War Machines	2290	72.12%
55	The Mind Robber	2435	72.22%
54	Survival	2525	72.24%
53	The Time Warrior	2360	72.46%
52	Full Circle	2385	72.49%
51	The Stones of Blood	2395	73.07%
50	The Two Doctors	2510	73.11%
49	Castrovalva	2550	73.39%
48	Resurrection of the Daleks	2540	73.41%
47	Kinda	2505	73.51%
46	The Visitation	2475	73.56%
45	State of Decay	2410	73.86%
44	The Daleks' Master Plan	1405	74.22%
43	The Masque of Mandragora	2375	74.23%
42	Warriors' Gate	2400	74.27%
41	The Aztecs	2255	74.86%
40	The Sea Devils	2490	74.94%
39	The Dalek Invasion of Earth	2265	75.03%
38	The Brain of Morbius	2485	75.04%
37	Ghost Light	2515	75.27%
36	The Green Death	2520	75.67%
35	Terror of the Autons	2350	75.89%
34	Revelation of the Daleks	2420	75.95%
33	The Three Doctors	2450	76.08%
32	The Keeper of Traken	2515	76.18%
31	The War Games	2320	76.31%
30	The Abominable Snowmen	1605	77.79%
29	The Ice Warriors	1460	77.95%
28	Fury from the Deep	1480	78.11%
27	The Dæmons	2515	78.17%
26	The Tenth Planet	1595	78.43%
25	Terror of the Zygons	2425	78.89%
24	Doctor Who and the Silurians	2305	79.33%
23	The Five Doctors	2590	79.38%
22	The Daleks	2275	79.71%
21	Horror of Fang Rock	2140	80.00%
20	The Ark in Space	2510	80.04%
19	Logopolis	2520	80.12%
18	The Power of the Daleks	1645	80.21%
17	Earthshock	2545	80.26%
16	The Invasion	2165	80.30%
15	Spearhead from Space	2510	80.92%
14	Inferno	2355	80.96%
13	The Seeds of Doom	2455	81.57%
12	The Curse of Fenric	2505	82.75%
11	The Deadly Assassin	2500	83.18%

The Deadly Assassin



The most iconoclastic of *Doctor Who*s narrowly misses a place in the Top Ten: "We tried to push the boundaries of the programme a little . . . I wanted to have a go at something really over the edge, really strange" [producer Philip Hinchcliffe, 1994]; "the television service was not entirely happy with the way this particular adventure developed" [BBC Director General Sir Charles Curran, 1976]

(75.45%). 5th: Twenty-Six (73.88%). 6th: Twelve (73.68%). 7th: Ten (71.75%). 8th: Eighteen (71.66%). 9th: Twenty-Five (69.60%). 10th: Eight (68.93%). 11th: Four (68.37%). 12th: Nineteen (67.80%). 13th: One (67.75%). 14th: Twenty-One (66.53%). 15th: Twenty-Two (65.44%). 16th: Sixteen (65.36%). 17th: Eleven (64.49%). 18th: Nine (64.79%). 19th: Fifteen (64.63%). 20th: Six (63.81%). 21st: Twenty (63.65%). 22nd: Seventeen (63.34%). 23rd: Three (62.71%). 24th: Twenty-Three (62.17%). 25th: Two (61.86%). And 26th, by a *mile*: Twenty-Four (51.42%). A pleasant surprise for fans of Season Twenty-Two, perhaps; a shock for fans of Seasons Nine and especially Two and Three.

Season Twenty-Four: disaster!

- *The Aztecs* is the highest-rated historical tale.

- If the scores for the four stories which make up the larger *The Trial of a Time Lord* saga are averaged out, the entire 14-parter would rank in the early 100s, just between *The Romans* and *Revenge of the Cybermen*.

- The marking of 'lost' adventures currently absent from the BBC archives was left to individuals' discretion; the story which the fewest number of readers felt able to comment on was *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*; conversely, the 1996 TV Movie was, perhaps predictably, the story which most readers voted for.

- Memo to those who might end up producing *Doctor Who* in the 21st century: never, ever, *ever* put out a story with 'Time' in the title. Eleven of the 12 stories which feature that little word loiter in the bottom half of the poll; indeed, a staggering five of them – *Dimensions in Time, Timelash, Time-Flight, Time and the Rani* and *The Time Monster* – reside in the bottom ten per cent of stories. This, surely, cannot be coincidence . . .

***Time-Flight*: would it rate higher as *Xeraphin*?**

- On the other hand, titles which are constructed as *[The] something of [the] something*, it seems, only rarely fail. As you'll see, such a title is, bizarrely, a prerequisite for entry into the hallowed Top Ten . . .

10

The Web of Fear

Darkness and despair

Martin Wiggins

Cynics sometimes say that *The Web of Fear* is a serial which has made its reputation on the strength of a brilliant surviving single episode. To some extent, they're right. The opening episode is a masterpiece, with a fine balance between broad comedy and mounting terror. In particular, the museum sequence, in which Professor Travers tries unsuccessfully to persuade Julius Silverstein to return the priceless but now dangerous Yeti, is *Doctor Who* at its most cinematic, with its clear shot-by-shot storytelling and creepy Bartok score.

But suppose it had been the last episode of *The Web of Fear*, not the first, that survived the great archive purge of the seventies: how highly would we regard the story then? Yes, it's an unfair contest: middles or endings, taken in isolation, will always suffer by comparison with beginnings, because they assume a knowledge of what has gone before. But even so, there is something faintly disappointing about the way the Intelligence's vast, elaborate threat to London turns out to be mounted for no larger purpose than to snatch the Doctor's mind, and is defeated by nothing more than crossing a few wires in a mind-draining helmet: national crisis becomes just parochial, and the massive, impersonal menace of the web gives way to mere gadgetry.

The point of the story is not the logic of the situation but its awesome, threatening reality

Keep thinking on those negative lines, though, and there's something vaguely dubious about the whole scenario. The London Underground filled with web-like fungus by the ton and patrolled by robot replicas of a legendary Tibetan monster? Subjected to rational, critical scrutiny, it's a silly idea. Just like homicidal seaweed, or eggs that hatch Cybermen, or even an old man travelling through time and space in a telephone kiosk.

Perhaps this sounds like heresy, but please don't stop reading. I really do come to praise *The Web of Fear* and not to bury it. However daft the story can be made to seem today, it was very effective 30 years ago, the last time anyone in Britain saw the whole thing. As for myself, it was the first time I was inspired to want to keep a permanent record of my favourite television programme, and at primary school every Monday I would copy down as much as I could remember of each episode's events and dialogue, adorned with juvenile drawings of overarching cobwebs and green crayoned Yeti. The seeming craziness of the story's juxtapositions didn't trouble my young mind, nor evidently many older ones: the Yeti in the tunnels is probably the single most enduring public memory of that era of *Doctor Who*.

As I implied a few lines ago, such juxtapositions – the proverbial 'Yeti on the loo in Tooting Bec' – were part of the series' stock-in-trade, especially in the late Sixties. When characters in *The Web of Fear* try to make rational sense of things, they get it wrong: Private Weams thinks the Yeti are invaders from outer space, and Corporal Blake, who tells Weams he has been "reading too many kids' comics", can only suggest bacteriological warfare and the robot army of a foreign power. But apart from that conversation, there is little attempt, before the Intelligence finds its voice in the last two episodes, to consider *why* all this is happening: it just is. The point of the story is not the logic of the situation but its awesome, threatening reality for the characters who are caught in the stranglehold of the web, strikingly represented in the flickering, dying lights of an illuminated Tube map.

There is no reasoning with a Yeti, nor with a solid wall of fungus. They provide the story's danger, but its drama comes from the people who are *in* danger. *The Web of Fear*'s greatest strength is the plausibility of their human reactions to circumstances they cannot understand, cannot control, and cannot escape. Most of them are in the army and every one of them is afraid, but they don't all show the same admirable fortitude and practicality that we might expect of our brave boys, and see in the story's more hardware-orientated sequel, *The Invasion*, once the regular army has turned into the specialists of UNIT. At first it may look like tokenism that places the sophisticated, supercilious, and contemptible Harold Chorley as the stereotypical civilian coward in a soldier's world; but then we meet Evans, Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart's military driver.

Whether stopping off to buy a bar of chocolate from a vending machine or grumbling at the loss of his tobacco when the Doctor commandeers his "baccy tin" for his sample of the web, the demotic Welshman is the story's most engagingly human creation. "I shouldn't be down here at all," is his constant refrain, "Driver I am, see"; and his terrified but disarmingly candid concern to save his own skin is all too familiar. We might like to think we would be as courageous as Captain Knight, or Staff Sergeant Arnold, or Jamie, but we admire them the more because we know deep down that, put to the test, we might well turn out to be Driver Evans.

"Now look, lad, you're scared; that's understandable. But you've been in the army long enough to know that orders is orders." It's important that Evans' limitations should be recognised, and understood, by the grizzled old professional soldier Staff Arnold. An idealistic young man like Jamie may criticise Evans for not being brave; the more experienced and practical soldiers know that human limitations have to be accepted and worked around, as when Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart gets the jittery Chorley out of the way by giving him the "essential", and pointless, job of co-ordination. Fear and bravery are all part of the same range of experience and emotion that stands against the faceless menace of the Yeti; and it is this humanity, played unerringly for real by all concerned, that makes plausible the story's seemingly bizarre scenario.

Seen in retrospect, one of *The Web of Fear*'s most surprising and memorable moments comes in the aftermath of the Colonel's abortive attempt to rescue the TARDIS, in which all his men have been killed by the Yeti. When, back at the Fortress, the battle-stunned commander learns that Knight and Arnold too are dead, he surrenders temporarily to despair: "Hopeless. Can't fight them. It seems – indestructible. Can't fight them! You were right, Doctor, when you said they were . . . formless, shapeless. You were right." This repetitive, almost incoherent speech is our acid test for the story's human authenticity. It is an utterly convincing portrait of a man driven beyond the point of exhaustion as he comes to realise that there is no more chance of survival, let alone victory. It surprises us because, unheroic as it is, it comes from a character who was later revived as one of *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving hero figures. It says much for the superlative quality of the story's characterisation that even Lethbridge-Stewart is allowed, in his own way, a tiny piece of the spirit of Driver Evans. DWM

Facts and figures

Score
84.0%

● **Number crunching** Transmitted only once in the UK – between 3 February and 9 March 1968 – *The Web of Fear* garnered an average 7.6 million viewers. However, the final episode ranked 36th in the chart of the most watched programmes for the week – as compared to the first episode's positioning at number 82 six weeks previously.

● **What they said** "Setting it in the London Underground was an obvious ploy – underground tunnels give a lot more suspense. They are dark, looming but familiar – when you take a Tube journey you step into the unknown . . . Deserted and infested with the web and the Yeti, they were very frightening indeed. And once again, we had the small, vulnerable set of people all imprisoned in the same small area – with the classic fictional ploy of a traitor at work in their midst" [co-writer Mervyn Haisman in **DWM**, 1986]

● **Line to learn by heart** "I have a very quick temper and very long claws!" [Anne Travers]

9 The Evil of the Daleks

Alchemy and apocalypse

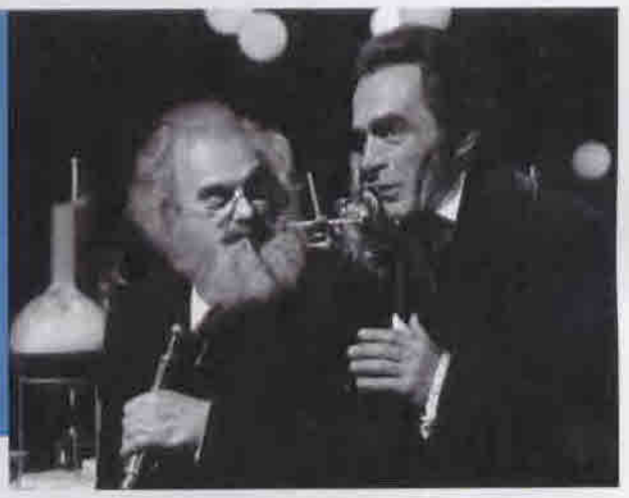
Marcus Hearn

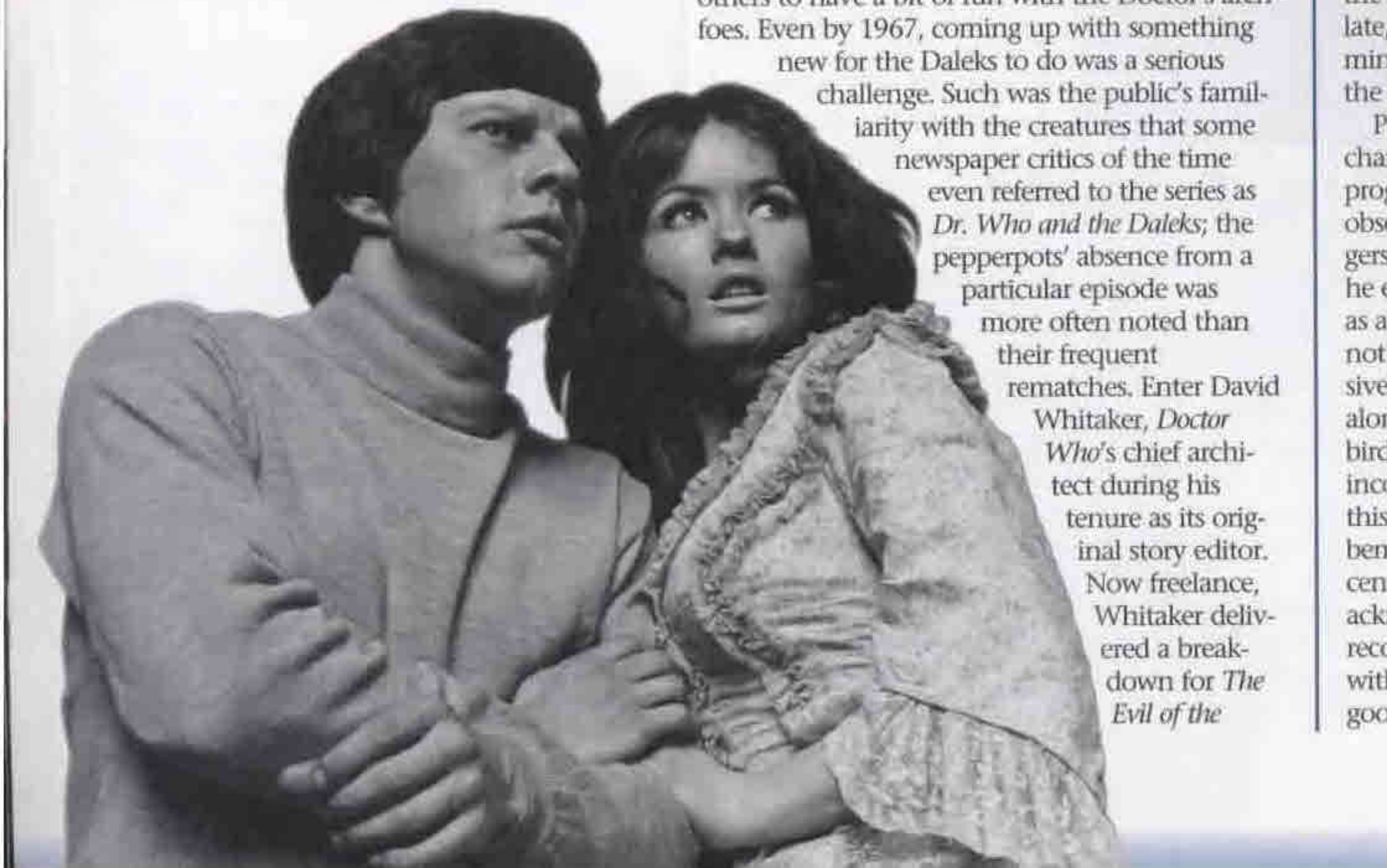
It's done it again. A black-and-white seven-episode story last transmitted 30 years ago has made it into an all-time top ten of *Doctor Who* stories. And I'd bet that most of the people casting votes have done so on little more evidence than the single episode surviving in the BBC's archive and a collection of postage stamp-sized photographs. So what is it that makes *The Evil of the Daleks* the most compelling of all the so-called missing stories?

On its original broadcast in May 1967, *The Evil of the Daleks* clearly made an impression on the BBC as well. The Corporation's audience research report on the final episode highlighted the alarm of many viewers who "still adored the Daleks, and were devastated by the suggestion that these amusing and fantastic creatures had been finally and irrevocably wiped out." *The Evil of the Daleks* was so good, in fact, that they showed it twice – from June 1968, the BBC took the unprecedented step of repeating the serial in its entirety.

Some background: Terry Nation was playing the field at ITC (appropriately, one of the episodes of *The Saint* he wrote during his BBC sabbatical was called *Where the Money Is*), leaving others to have a bit of fun with the Doctor's arch-foes. Even by 1967, coming up with something new for the Daleks to do was a serious challenge. Such was the public's familiarity with the creatures that some newspaper critics of the time even referred to the series as *Dr. Who and the Daleks*; the pepperpots' absence from a particular episode was more often noted than their frequent rematches. Enter David Whitaker, *Doctor Who*'s chief architect during his tenure as its original story editor. Now freelance, Whitaker delivered a breakdown for *The Evil of the Daleks* in January 1967. With the notable exception of a caveman called Og whom the Doctor would have retrieved from the Stone Age, his ideas saw fruition in seven extraordinary teleplays which saw the threat posed by the Daleks through to its natural conclusion.

In killing the Daleks off, the BBC called time on a concept which had nowhere left to go

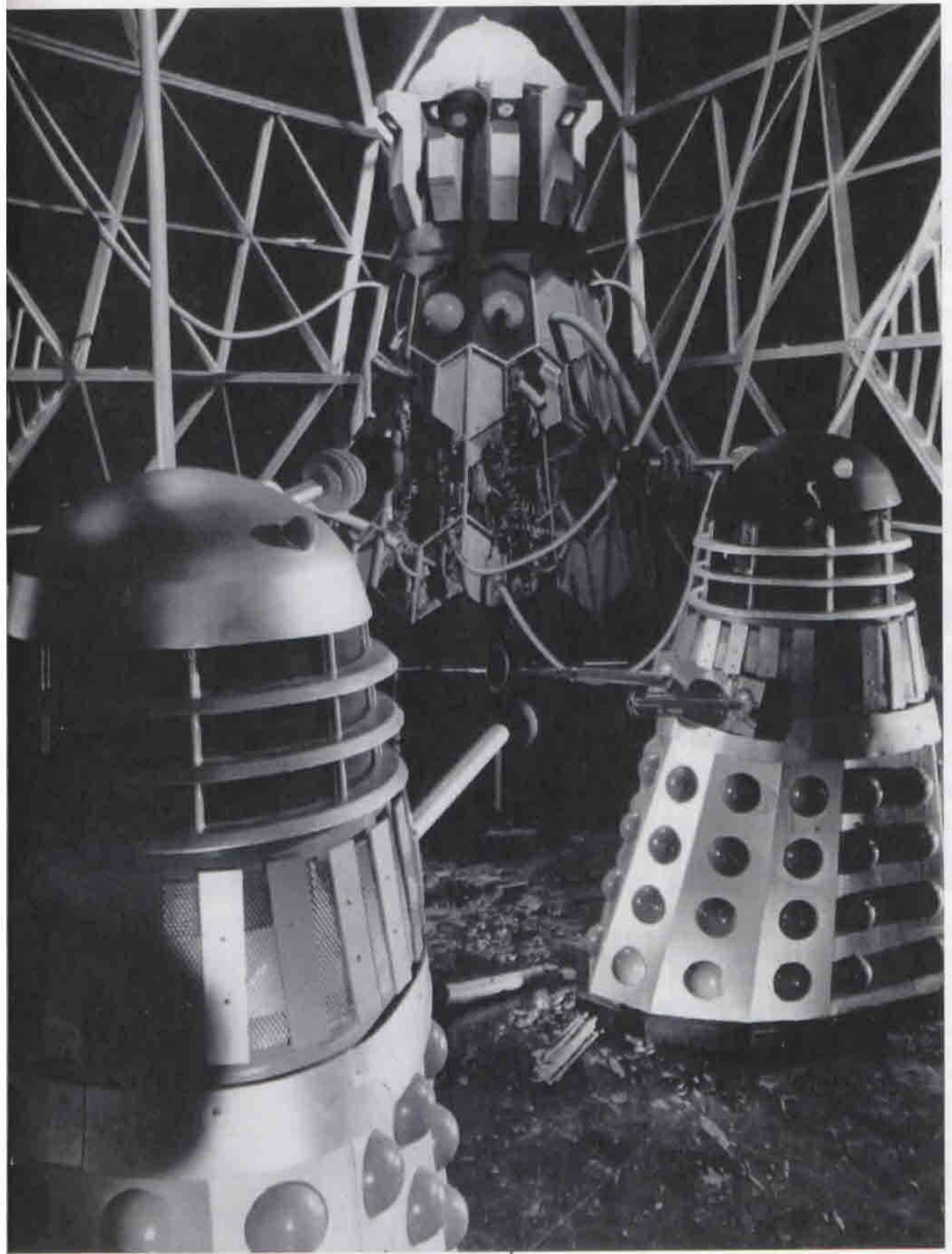




The Evil of the Daleks is most obviously remarkable for its audacious scope: we see Gatwick Airport, a swinging coffee bar (did teenage girls still go to coffee bars in 1967?), oak-panelled Victorian England and the planet Skaro at what passes for breathtaking pace in *Doctor Who* terms. The BBC's costume and set designers were never more comfortable than when cut a slice of Victorian England; when the persuasive period evocation is mixed with Maxtible and Waterfield's modernist sorcery the intriguing result is not dissimilar to the atmosphere conjured up by Hammer in its contemporaneous Frankenstein series.

Some plot: holding the TARDIS as ransom, the Daleks manipulate the Doctor into submitting companion Jamie to a voyeuristic experiment to isolate and distil the 'human element' missing from their own psychological make-up. With that element assimilated, the Daleks hope to eliminate the last chink in their armour. They realise, too late, that the plan is fatally flawed, and a last-minute initiative to instil the 'Dalek factor' sows the seeds of their own demise.

Patrick Troughton's Doctor is redolent of the character moulded by Whitaker during the programme's earliest episodes. His over-riding obsession to regain possession of his ship endangers not only his own safety but the lives of those he encounters. The Doctor is useless to the Daleks as a guinea pig because, as we are reminded, he is not human; during Episode 4 he seems to impassively categorise Jamie and Kemel's behaviour alongside a representative of a species that regards birds as "flying pests" and a "dead human" as an inconvenience to be stashed out of sight. Could this be evidence of what the *New Statesman* later bemoaned as *Doctor Who*'s "lack of moral centrality"? Or more simply David Whitaker acknowledging what so few of the show's writers recognised: that you could get from A to B to C without resorting to pantomimic definitions of good and evil. Following *The War Games* in 1969 *Doctor Who* would be painted in bolder, more obvious strokes as the lead character's air of mystery was irrevocably dismantled.



Whitaker's plot certainly shows a broader depth than the comic book-style stories of the Hartnell era, but the Daleks' brutality is essence of Nation. The writer later complained that his creations had been rendered too 'polite' in the hands of others, but here the Daleks are cunning, manipulative and callous. When the tables are turned and they find themselves the caged animals of the Doctor's experiment, they react in a characteristically Fascist way – by exterminating each other.

In killing the Daleks off, Whitaker called time on a concept he realised had nowhere left to go. "We meet at last," the Doctor addresses the Emperor Dalek in Episode 6, returning to Skaro to finish what he began in 1963. The apocalyptic civil war he engineers wipes out the Daleks and destroys their city in what would have been a fitting end to the programme's infatuation with the monsters. By Episode 7, the Daleks had done all they were ever going to do in *Doctor Who*. They faced an ignominious future, significantly dumbed down (largely by Nation himself) in subsequent adventures, before being relegated to the status of armed bodyguards to a surrogate Emperor.

But before the embarrassing comeback tour, and the wilderness years as a mere backing group, Whitaker gave us a farewell concert that surpassed anything we had seen before. And it was all recorded in the glorious monochrome which papered over so many of *Doctor Who*'s cracks during its first seven years on the air.

The Doctor's greatest foes? Indisputably. Their finest hour? Undoubtedly.

They saved the best for last. DWM

Facts and figures

Score
84.22%

● **Number crunching** *The Evil of the Daleks* closed *Doctor Who*'s fourth season. Episode 1 aired on 20 May 1967, with the Daleks' apparent once-and-for-all demise airing on 1 July (albeit later than usual due to Wimbledon coverage). 12.1% of the possible audience saw the metal monsters' "final end"; programmes on the ITV networks, include Hughie Green's *Opportunity Knocks*, only managed 11.9%. The serial was rewarded with an average 6.43 million viewers; its repeat just over a year later garnered an impressive 5.34 million.

● **What they said** "A Dalek in a Victorian antique dealer's study is merely a comic anachronism; a Dalek next week or next decade is on the margin of being a terrifying possibility" [critic Francis Hope, the *New Statesman*, 22 March 1968]; "A not inconsiderable minority . . . hoped that, as this episode suggested, this was indeed the last of the Daleks – and, for that matter, Dr Who, the TARDIS and 'the whole stupid, childish, silly, boiling lot'" [BBC audience research report]; "the Daleks were legendary even then . . . *Doctor Who was* the Daleks to many people, so one had a responsibility to do them well and not muck it up" [director Derek Martinus in **DWM**, 1996]

● **Line to learn by heart** "You will not feed the flying pests" [a Dalek]

8 The Tomb of the Cybermen

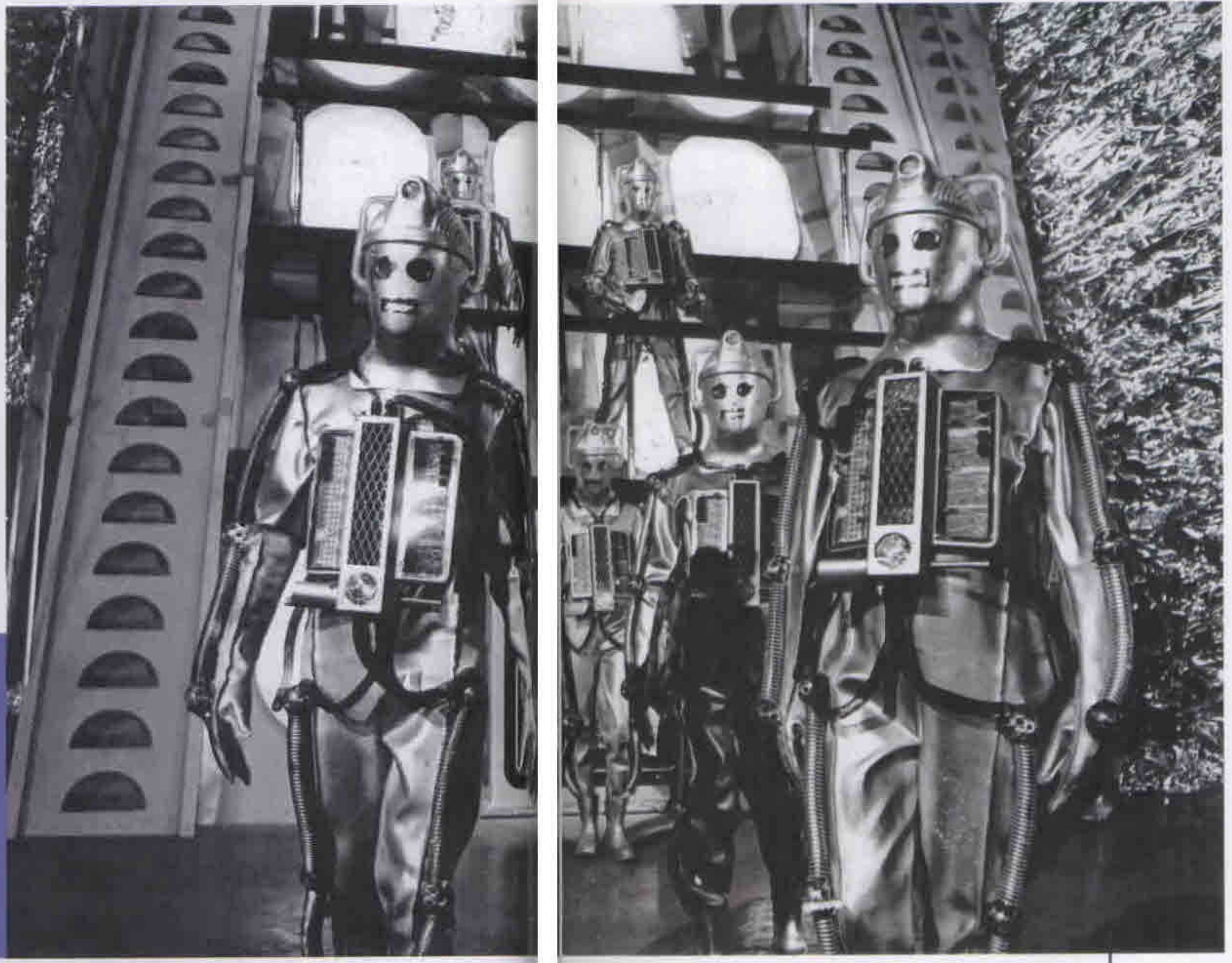
Legend and lore

Steve Lyons

For a generation of fans, the title conjures up a whole slew of images. We might not have seen its one and only terrestrial transmission in 1967, but we certainly heard about it. Along with *The Evil of the Daleks* and *Fury from the Deep*, it was one of the all-conquering triumphs of *Doctor Who* that the BBC had, in its short-sightedness, seen fit to lose. It was known to us, but only by its legend. And what a legend it was. *The Tomb of the Cybermen* was a terrifying tale in which inhuman monsters stalk shadowy catacombs, picking off their victims one-by-one. In short, it was a horror classic; to many, the series' holy grail – and, sadly, just as elusive.

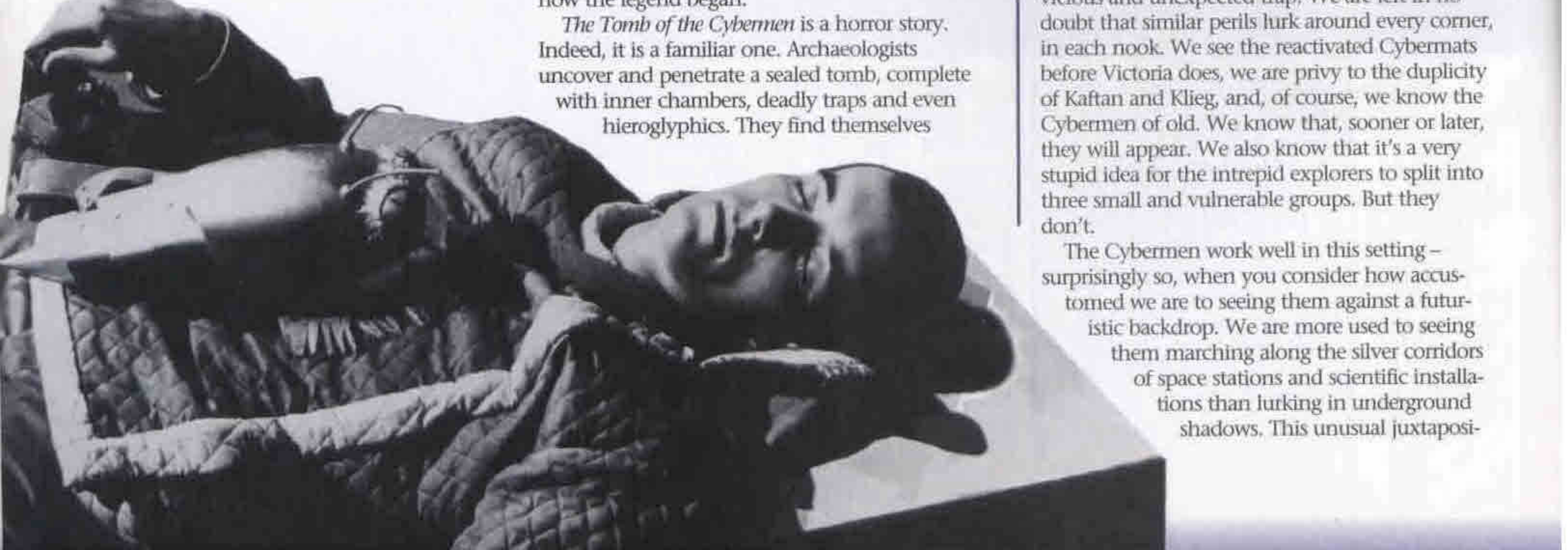
But then, a miracle occurred. The holy grail was returned to us. Fans greeted the news both with joy and trepidation. We were about to see what most of us had only dreamed of before – but we knew, deep down, that *The Tomb of the Cybermen* could not possibly live up to its own legend. Because nothing ever could.

This is the Cybermen at their simplest and thus their most effective



Six years have passed. *The Tomb of the Cybermen* is now just another *Doctor Who* story, available on video from high street stores. To our relief, it has turned out to be one of the best. We can see for ourselves now that, yes, the sets are wonderful and claustrophobic, the plot is gripping and well-executed, and a feeling of suspense really does pervade the production. We can see how the legend began.

The Tomb of the Cybermen is a horror story. Indeed, it is a familiar one. Archaeologists uncover and penetrate a sealed tomb, complete with inner chambers, deadly traps and even hieroglyphics. They find themselves unable to leave, and menaced by the once-dead monsters which they have inadvertently disturbed. We might be on far-off Telos rather than in Egypt, and the Cybermen might be wrapped in tin foil instead of bandages, but otherwise we could be watching one of the very best Hammer horrors. Despite its reputation, *Doctor Who* has rarely tried so hard to send viewers scurrying behind that sofa. The effort pays off. Only minutes into the story, a member of Professor Parry's expedition is killed by a vicious and unexpected trap. We are left in no doubt that similar perils lurk around every corner, in each nook. We see the reactivated Cybermats before Victoria does, we are privy to the duplicity of Kaftan and Klieg, and, of course, we know the Cybermen of old. We know that, sooner or later, they will appear. We also know that it's a very stupid idea for the intrepid explorers to split into three small and vulnerable groups. But they don't.



The Cybermen work well in this setting – surprisingly so, when you consider how accustomed we are to seeing them against a futuristic backdrop. We are more used to seeing them marching along the silver corridors of space stations and scientific installations than lurking in underground shadows. This unusual juxtaposition reveals facets of the monsters that we didn't know they had. For once, they are not all but interchangeable with the Daleks. The Cybermen have no emotions. This is often stated, but seldom true. Here, though, it clearly *is* true. Their voices are flat and mechanical, their actions dispassionate. Their faces are blank, their helmets lacking the frills of some later versions. They are horrifying. Even their humanoid nature reinforces this point. It serves as a reminder of the most chilling thing about the Cybermen: the fact that they are only one small step removed from being human themselves. In their best stories, we are reminded that the dividing line is a fine one indeed. Here, the Cybermen's objective is not domination of worlds or time or any such thing, but simply to make the organic intruders into creatures like themselves. And these Cybermen are strong; arguably stronger than any model before or since. Their physical prowess is immense, and none of the usual weaknesses apply. There is no handy radiation plant with which to shut them down, and they don't sneeze at the sight of gold. As they make their presence felt, the fear is not that our heroes won't be able to fight them; it is that they won't be able to prevent their awakening. For, once the Cybermen have woken, there can be no possibility of a fight. This is the Cybermen at their simplest and thus their most effective. Close as they might be to being human, they are completely inhuman. You can't ask for a better monster than that.

Yes, it's easy to see how a great many people could have grown up with such vivid images of *The Tomb of the Cybermen* in their minds. For nothing impresses itself upon the memory quite as well as a good shock: the first appearance of a Cyberman, in a spectacular end to Episode 1; Cybermats crawling over the group as they sleep; the Doctor, seized as he attempts to climb out of the hatch; Victoria, entombed in a technological sarcophagus; most of all, perhaps, the electrifying scene in which the Cybermen emerge from their centuries-long hibernation. The realisation of these ideas may not always have been perfect (though, considering the era and *Doctor Who*'s famous limitations, it was good enough), but it's the ideas which terrify; the ideas which linger long after the television screen has faded. In 1967, there could be no second viewing to dispel the fear.

When *The Tomb of the Cybermen* was returned to us, there were those who, knowing it only by its legend, thought the reality disappointing. The plot is quite basic and highly derivative, there are the inevitable duff effects (the Cyberman Controller's head falls off in one scene) and, like any story which relies on building up suspense and providing surprises, it doesn't stand up terribly well to repeated viewing. Once you know that the end-of-first-episode Cyberman is a fake, it loses its shock value. Sadly, most of us knew it was a fake before we even knew the episodes existed. I envy those privileged viewers who saw *The Tomb of the Cybermen* without preconceptions, on a monochrome screen over four dark evenings in 1967. For those of us who came later – who devoured the novelisation, the script book and many, many articles in the belief that we would not get anything more – it is impossible to separate the reality from the legend. Nevertheless, six years on, the story's showing in this poll proves that it is still something special – both to those fans who could once only dream of seeing it and, hopefully, to those new fans who just picked up the video without knowing what to expect. The reality holds up pretty well.

Perhaps, in the end, the important thing about *The Tomb of the Cybermen* isn't whether or not it can live up to its own legend; it's the fact that it created one in the first place. DWM

Facts and figures

Score
84.26%

● **Number crunching** An average of just 6.75 million viewers saw *The Tomb of the Cybermen* on its single BBC1 screening between 2 and 23 September 1967. In four 'all-time best' series surveys before this 'lost' story was found in Hong Kong late in 1991, readers of prominent fanzine *DWB* placed it third, fifth, seventh and third again; in *DWB*'s 1993 survey, it came in at number 11. It remains the only complete story from Season Five to be held by the BBC.

● **What they said** "Sydney Newman rang down to my office and said how great he thought Saturday's episode had been. Coming from the man who created *Doctor Who* that was the ultimate compliment" [producer Peter Bryant, quoted in 1988]; "I'm told it was very good but nobody can confront you with anything because it's gone . . . I really don't know about *Tomb*" [director Morris Barry in 1991, just prior to the story's rediscovery].

● **Line to learn by heart** "The greatest moment of my life . . . it was logical" [Klieg]

7

City of Death

Audience and audacity

Paul Cornell

City of Death represents the height of *Doctor Who* as popular light entertainment intended to be enjoyed by all the family.

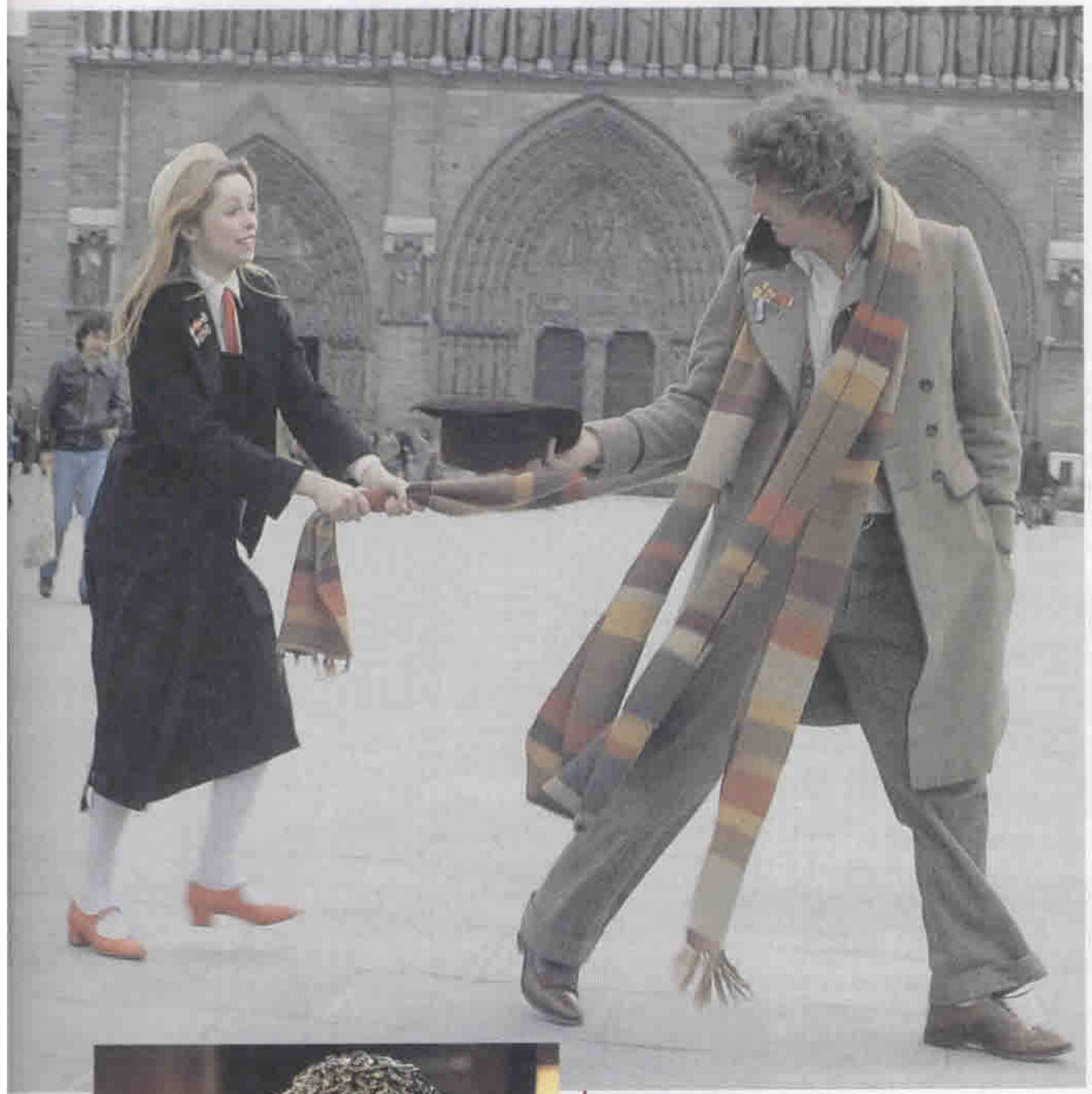
For the serious-minded adolescents, there's a solid plot: the alien Scaroth, in a prefiguring of *Highlander*, exists throughout history, and intends to unite all his selves, using a criminal scam to finance his brutal time experiments. It's exactly as clever as a *Who* plot should be – complex, but explained through a series of surprising and innovative set pieces, such as the multiple Mona Lisas. The entrance of the Captain Scarlioni is the first cliffhanger since the third episode of *The Time Meddler* ('The Monk's got a TARDIS!') to try and hold our attention through intrigue. What can this mean? We know we're going to enjoy finding out and that the series, its confidence in its storytelling at an all-time high, will tell us without recourse to techno-babble and with a solid set of motivations for the entire cast.

For the adults, meanwhile, there's the fun of laughing at how the guy with one eye in the middle of his forehead sees out of that mask, and the glee of Julian Glover's purring James Bond villain. Tom Baker's Doctor was one of the central icons of the BBC world at this point, a hero who was based in the same fantastical TV Centre (literally in *The Seeds of Doom*) as Terry Wogan and Basil Brush. It made absolute sense, because of that, for John Cleese to wander into this story, absolute sense that another century is just a three-walled set you can pop in to visit, absolute sense that the same panto tradition of audience involvement that produced *Nationwide* and *The Goodies* should be evident in a teatime family comedy/drama. When fans complain about the "shall we fly?" line, they're missing the point: to the joyful adult viewer at the time, 'Doctor Who' with his floppy hat and scarf could do anything . . . as long as it wasn't tasteless. The other obvious question for an adult audience – why hasn't the Countess realised that her husband is an alien? – is skirted round with a sort of impudent tact. It's one of those questions we just shouldn't contemplate, we're told, both because the answer is rude and because it would spoil the fun. We're thus actively encouraged to suspend our disbelief, winked at and asked to join in with the illusion on-stage, as in all the best panto.

All ages are entertained during this last great era of family viewing

The children of the family, meanwhile, are entertained by the presence of a scary monster, which is given an unsettling edge through being constantly hidden. The papyrus with an illustration of Scaroth on it was the last thing in *Doctor Who* that ever chilled me. Possibly because the central design of the monster is so silly, the production works very hard at making him threatening, with just the right musical stings and camera shots. We don't get to see the mask for very long, or have endless shots of this ridiculous creature stalking along corridors. Therefore, Scaroth brings with him a real sense of danger. And the effects work of his spaceship is excellent also, establishing prehistory as another neat little fictional setting, like Paris or Renaissance Italy.

Whenever my aunties and uncles watched *Doctor Who* with us, they would revel in the incidental detail of location and setting, my uncle prompted to telling stories of his Oriental travels by *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. I didn't understand this reaction at the time – but to them, to the older audience, television is a conversation piece, a chance to peer at beautiful places or reminisce. *City of Death* prefigures series like *Heartbeat* and *Peak Practice* through its luxurious and lengthy exploration of a beautiful place: Paris in the springtime. It's the standard British version of Paris, admittedly: the Eiffel Tower; the Louvre; the wine; the cafés; the pavement artists, and everybody speaks English with a French accent. But the location is used shamelessly because it's pretty. The oddity of the Doctor and Romana having fun, taking a holiday, is noted both by us as the audience and Dudley Simpson, who, freed from the usual restraints of tension and danger, produces his best score ever. The fact that there's room for long scenes of Tom's Doctor and Lalla Ward's Romana skipping down the street, in a serial that also includes one of *Doctor Who*'s most complex plots, says a lot about the four-episode format. *City of Death* actually manages to have a brilliant third episode.



Tom and Lalla, meanwhile, are not playing serious dramatic characters, but audience wish-fulfilment figures – a couple who do exactly what they like, with vast panache, intelligence and wit. The Doctor here is as jolly and homely as Father Christmas. "You're a beautiful woman, probably," indeed! Romana, meanwhile, has become one of co-writer Douglas Adams' perfect fantasy women: competent, unruffled, and above it all. Just go back and watch the first encounter between Tom and Julian Glover. The great actor gives the great TV star room to get every prop and angle in the set on his side, while he stands back and times his lines to perfection. This isn't television drama, this is classic drawing-room comedy. And as such, it's absolutely right for the time slot. So we might enjoy our two leads' superheroics further, we're given Duggan, an ordinary bloke, to identify with, and the two deities are even kind enough to let him save the day.

So all the family is entertained, during the last great era of family viewing, enjoying everything from witty exchanges to a nice hat to the most important punch ever landed. This is the stuff that gets ratings. This is also the stuff of nostalgia for an era when *Doctor Who* wasn't the precious thing of a tiny minority, but the common currency of British television, with all the everyday competence and rough bravado that implies. If only K9 was in it then *City of Death* would touch upon perfection. DWM

Facts and figures

Score 84.76%

● **Number crunching** On its original transmission between 6 and 20 October 1979, City of Death won an average of 14.5 million viewers; with 16.1 million watching, its final episode remains the single highest-rated *Doctor Who* ever. DWAS members placed the story first in the Society's Season Seventeen poll.

● **What they said** "In the past few years the programme, regrettably, has been playing for laughs . . . with an increasing amount of corny remarks made by the ever-grinning Tom Baker [viewer Paul R Maskew, *Radio Times*]; "it employs a self-reflexive discourse acutely aware of its own aesthetic status and artificiality" [academics John Tulloch and Manuel Alvarado, *Doctor Who: The Unfolding Text*, 1983]; "I was just trying to tell a good story without trying too much at anything else" [co-writer/producer Graham Williams, 1984]

● **Line to learn by heart** "What do you mean, time's running out? It's only 1505!" [The Doctor]

6 Remembrance of the Daleks

Fiction and factionalism

Kate Orman

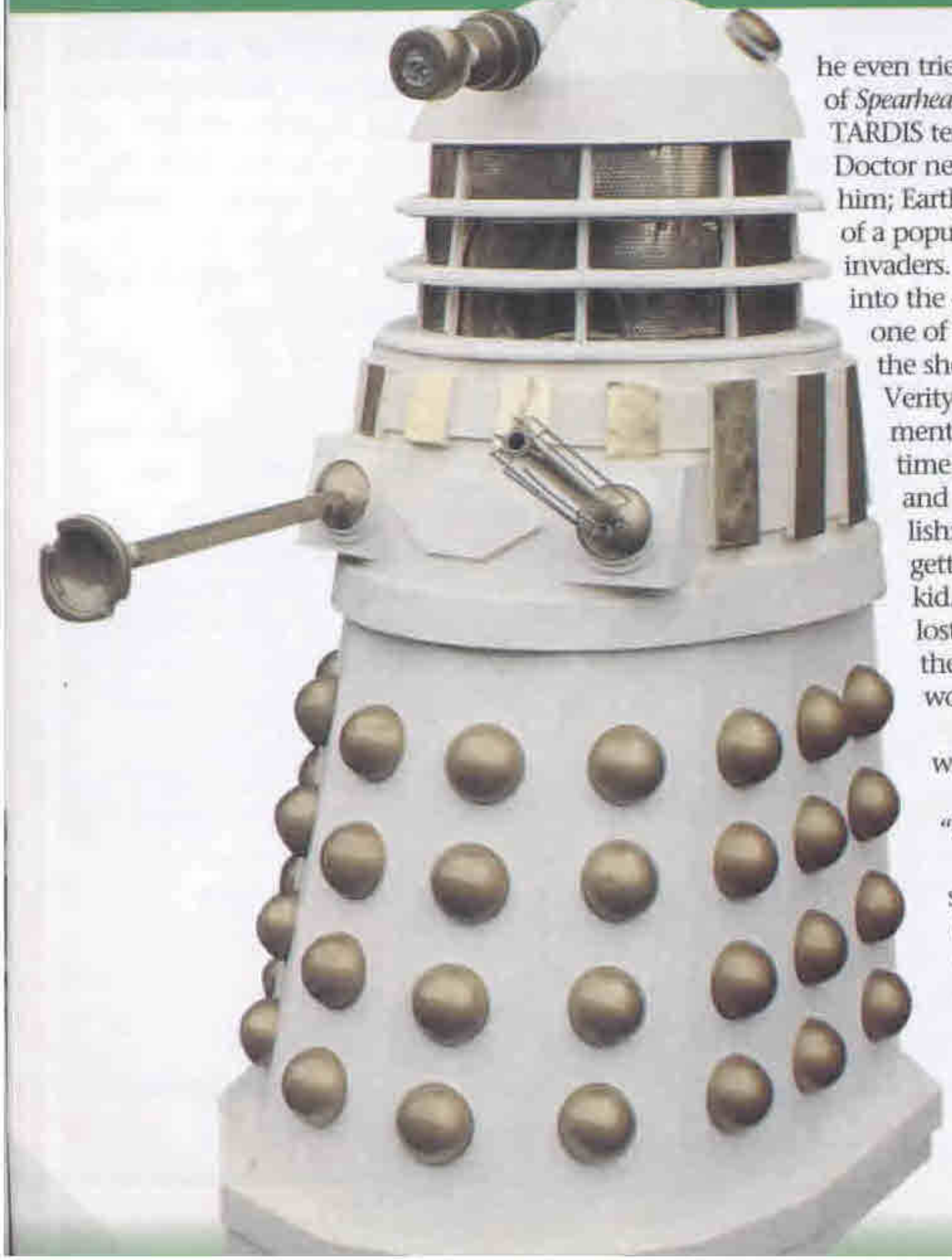
Gilmore: "Now, Doctor, since you hold my career in your hands, I hope you can justify my faith."

The Doctor: "With respect, Group Captain, your career is magnificently irrelevant."

Remembrance of the Daleks, appropriately, looks backward – so let's look backward with it. Compare: the era of the Third Doctor. Aliens invade London, opposed by the Doctor and the military. The direct parallels stand out: Group Captain Gilmore and Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart; Professor Rachel Jensen and Professor Liz Shaw, both of Cambridge. There's even a traitor called Mike.

Now contrast: at first, the Third Doctor and UNIT had something of a strained relationship – he even tried to sneak out in the middle of *Spearhead from Space*. But with his TARDIS temporarily up on blocks, the Doctor needed UNIT. And they needed him; Earth was becoming something of a popular tourist spot for alien invaders. They all soon settled down into the cosy 'UNIT family'. It was one of the most radical changes to the show's format in its history, Verity Lambert's "anti-Establishment character", the traveller in time and space, ceasing his travels and becoming part of the Establishment, settling down and getting a proper job like a good kid. Though he never completely lost his outsider's perspective, for the first time, the Doctor was working for the man.

***Remembrance* returns the Doctor firmly to his origins as an outsider**



In *Remembrance*, the man is working for him.

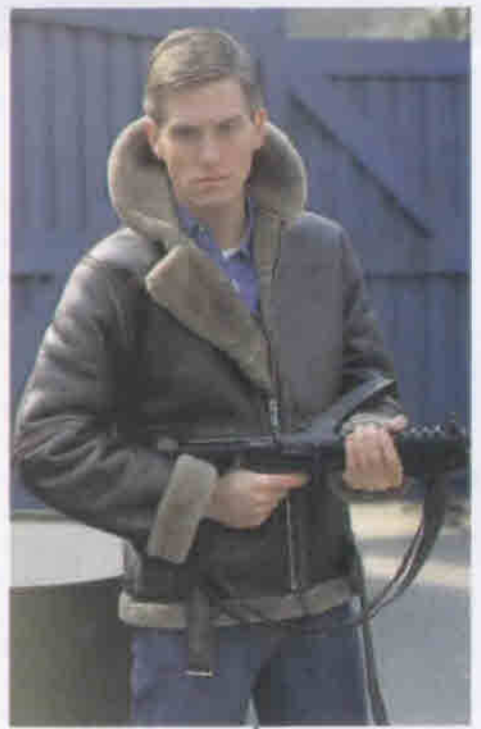
The Doctor (disgusted): "Humans!"

The opening images of the series' debut episode, *An Unearthly Child*, show the reassuring Establishment world of policemen and high school. Through the eyes of two authority figures – teachers – we're introduced to the unfamiliar and somewhat menacing world of the First Doctor and Susan.

The opening images of *Remembrance* are similar: a solid school building, uniformed children. Into this familiar scene stroll the Doctor and Ace – anachronistic, out of place, unashamedly sticking their noses in. And totally independent. They are a team unto themselves. If this was a similar situation in *The X Files*, or *Star Trek*, or *Babylon 5*, the Establishment would be the good guys; the ones with access to the problem and the skills to solve it. In *Remembrance*, out of their depth, the Establishment is vexed to find itself completely dependent on him.

This isn't the mutual co-operation seen in the UNIT stories. It's as though the military are there for the convenience of this "space vagrant" who has appeared from nowhere. The Doctor invites himself into their van and starts using Rachel's equipment without even glancing at her. Later he and Ace "borrow" the same van without so much as a by-your-leave. The military have access to places and equipment which the Doctor and Ace find useful; the blocked-off scrapyard, Jodrell Bank, transport, accommodation, anti-tank rockets. Whatever they need, they take.

And the military are happy to give it to them. After all, the Doctor may be an amateur – but he's better than the professionals at what they do. He has numerous advantages: knowledge of the enemy, knowledge of the future. Rachel is quickly convinced of his credentials. Gilmore takes a little longer to realise that "Only a fool argues with his Doctor." The only official response is to shoot back, but the Doctor has been around longer than guns have. He's got other ideas.



Even the villains of the piece form their own little establishments. It's not surprising to find Ratcliffe, an admirer of the Nazis, ordering around his own little army like a child with toy soldiers. Nor is it surprising to find him on the side of the Daleks – the ultimate Fascists, the ultimate Establishment. When they're finished, everyone's going to be on their side, playing by their rules.

The renegade Daleks are much more dependent on human beings than our hero. In a curious way, they're in the same position as the Third Doctor once was – needing shelter and assistance, somewhere to keep their equipment. They even have a young female assistant and are watching out for an alien invasion – at least, the appearance of the Imperial Daleks.

The Establishment good guys have only a limited role to play. It's useful to have a supply of tools and information, but beyond that Gilmore and his troops are dead weight, even a nuisance. They're irrelevant to the Doctor's plan; he just has to keep them out of the way so they neither provoke the Daleks into "sterilising" London, nor get themselves pointlessly killed. To an extent, even Ace falls into this category – but his attempts to keep her out of the action aren't quite so successful. Left at home to make the tea, she instead wanders out and takes on the entire renegade Dalek force. Fortunately, the Doctor is there to arm her with a super-powered baseball bat – as well as to throw together a thingumajig to disorient the Daleks. His technological know-how, and skill at improvisation, plug the gaps in his human allies' limited repertoire.

By the end of the story, perhaps Gilmore has accepted his role. He drives the Doctor to his final confrontation with the Black Dalek, and sits waiting in the car while the Time Lord finishes the enemy off. After indirectly witnessing the destruction of a solar system, most of us would be happy with the humble role of chauffeur.

Remembrance turns the wheel full circle, returning the Doctor firmly to his origins as an outsider, a renegade, a presence partly comforting and partly threatening. He saves the lives of Gilmore's soldiers by keeping them out of the way of the action; but that's just a sideline, something to do while waiting for the Dalek factions to destroy one another. Earth is just the setting, and the human race are just the supporting cast. Think of Rachel, Allison, Gilmore, and even Ace standing quietly back while the Doctor turns Davros' hubris against him. Or think of Mike and Ratcliffe's desperate bid for freedom, running as the two Dalek factions hurl high-energy bolts at one another.

This is *Doctor Who* painted on a vast canvas; only *Logopolis* can compare in terms of sheer cosmic destruction. Seen from this perspective, our little world – all cups of tea, going to the pictures and breaching the Official Secrets Act – is insignificant. This time, the Doctor's mission isn't to save Earth – certainly not the Earth of 1963.

At least in *Logopolis* the human race can contribute something to the solution; in *Remembrance*, our world is little more than the staging ground. Once, saving the human race was the entire point. Here, it's almost irrelevant. DWM

Facts and figures

Score
84.86%

- **Number crunching** 9.6% of the UK population saw *Remembrance of the Daleks* when it was first broadcast between 5 and 26 October 1988; its average rating was 5.35 million, and more than three-quarters of those watching were over 16. With 64% of that year's vote, it was the runaway winner of DWM's 1988 Season Survey, scoring 46% higher than its nearest rival, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*.

- **What they said** "Hands-up anyone who's still afraid of the Daleks. I thought so – the days when the nation peeped at the metal monsters from Skaro are long gone" [*Daily Mirror*, 1988]; "you could not fault Ben Aaronovitch's script, which was fast and watchable, because it was so familiar" [*Daily Express*, 1988]; "I didn't bother making the politics in *Remembrance* explicit because we didn't know what time of the evening it was going to be broadcast. I couldn't explicitly say, 'here is a bunch of Fascists,' even though that fact was inherent in the plot" [Ben Aaronovitch in DWM, 1993]

- **Line to learn by heart** "Do you think I'm enjoying having some vagrant come along and tell me that the painstaking research I've dedicated my life to has been superceded by a bunch of tin-plated pepperpots?" [Professor Rachel Jensen]

5 The Robots of Death

Design and diversity

Gary Russell

A couple of years ago, I was asked to put together, for this magazine in fact, my top ten *Doctor Who* stories – not just my personal favourites, but with a bias towards those which one could show to a non-viewer and say 'This is why *Doctor Who* is great'. Number Two in that list was writer Chris Boucher's *The Robots of Death*.

What makes *The Robots of Death* such a perfect specimen? Well, it has it all, really. It's a four part adventure featuring arguably the most popular Doctor and his most memorable companion. It also has all the staple ingredients of a good thriller – it takes place in a confined space, it has a number of potential victims and, best of all, it has what Terrance Dicks once cited as one of the absolute necessities of a *Doctor Who* baddy – its monsters are green (okay, it also has black robots and even a silver one, but let's not split hairs).

Realistic, if only briefly glimpsed, snatches of character make the story work

The Robots of Death is about a group of humans trapped on a Sandminer. Nothing unusual in that, you might say. Stories such as *The Moonbase*, *Warriors of the Deep* and *Horror of Fang Rock* all present us with humans trapped in one location while something picks 'em off one by one. But the humans in *The Robots of Death* are from a futuristic society with different lifestyles to ourselves. They wear outlandish clothes, hats and make-up. Yet none of these look daft, nor offer any bearing on the story. They merely *are*. *The Robots of Death*, therefore, gives a well-considered and exciting opportunity for the production team to get their hands busy with design elements which have nothing to do with the story. Indeed, bearing in mind that 'robophobia' is brought on by the robots' basically human physiognomy and facial design, the fact that the humans who suffer from it actually wear make-up resembling that of the robots themselves (giving us a chicken-or-egg situation) seems a bit of a strange thing to do.

We learn nothing about these humans – they go into sandstorms, searching for minerals and the like (and get particularly excited when finding traces of something called Lucanol). The planet they are on (which may or may not be their home) is arid. There is somewhere called Kaldor City. And the original colonists who landed there are a kind of aristocracy – the Founding Families, as they are known. Yet through their costumes and eccentric make-up we can immediately tell that they are a fairly lazy people. They have more leisure time on their hands than most species and, as a result, aren't particularly receptive to ideas which challenge their own perceptions of the society they have created for themselves. When Chub tells Borg about a robot masseur that wrenched a man's arm off, it is a tale greeted with disbelief and ridicule by the others (although it's nice to see that Borg, ever the cautious one, waves his own robot masseur away, just in case). The great irony here is that it is Chub who becomes the first victim of the robot revolution.

Similarly, despite Chub, Cass and Kerrill's deaths, the humans are quite satisfied that the Doctor and Leela are the culprits – and when the Time Lord suggests that their green metal friends might have had a hand in things, again, the idea is derided.

Although *The Robots of Death* is a pastiche of 'whodunnit' thrillers (albeit rather more akin to an episode of *Columbo* than an Agatha Christie or Dorothy L Sayers, as we all know who the murderers are from the outset) it works well because of the very real humans that populate the Sandminer, and their reactions to the deaths. While none of them are perhaps such fully-rounded, three-dimensional characters as the Doctor or Leela, all of them – even Chub and Cass, who don't survive the first 35 minutes – have a degree of depth lacking in characters seen in other such high-bodycount *Who* stories. Each person has an assigned task, each person has likes and dislikes – and each person has a possible motive for killing someone else: Borg thinks Chub is too mouthy; Zilda blames Uvanov for her brother's death; Uvanov resents anyone connected with the Founding Families, and so on. These realistic, if only briefly glimpsed, snatches of character make the story work.

Besides all that, however, we have the robots themselves; beautifully-realised creations that this society has fashioned to do the tedious jobs, each section overseen by just one human. In the robots, we see a classical image of slave workers (hence the 'rebellion' central to the story): the Dums, voiceless drones; the Vocs, green and just one step above, who, whilst not capable of independent thought, are at least capable of rationalisation; and the Super Voc, the traditional overseer who is effectively the liaison between the masters and the servants. The irony that SV7 is one of the very last of the robots to fall under Taren Capel's Laserson probe, thus turning against his masters, is a nice moment of genre satire; the most obvious culprit is in fact blameless until the end. And no mention of the robots would be complete without noting that strange man-out-of-place, D84 – a Dum who has been augmented to Super Voc status, who hasn't fully mastered the art of speaking, but has a delightful turn in irony (he cannot use a communicator because, of course, he's not supposed to be able to talk). D84 is a definite forerunner to the soon-to-be-companion K9 – and a far more interesting and less childish one at that.

On a basic level, *The Robots of Death* can be easily criticised. The robots walk rather daftly, and you can sometimes see the very human necks of the actors underneath. They have silver foil wrapped around shoeboxes for feet. Certain actors are not going to win BAFTAs for their performances. The sets, decorative as they are, are shot with the mundanity and lack of diversity accorded to a story on a smaller budget than normal. But, thanks to a sparkling script, some decent 'monsters' and a carefully-considered set of human cannon fodder given to you on a plate rather than examined in any great depth, *The Robots of Death* really does deserve its place as one of the great classics of *Doctor Who*. DWM

Facts and figures

Score 85.44%

- **Number crunching** *The Robots of Death* was watched by an average 12.7 million people on its initial broadcast between 29 January and 19 February 1977; its first episode was the 14th most watched programme of the week. It was compiled into two instalments for its repeat screening the following New Year, which were seen by 10.0 and 7.0 million respectively.

- **What they said** "*The Robots of Death* was a standard Agatha Christie whodunnit, but if you took the reality of a situation and extended it and tried to be truthful to it, you were fairly safe. I think that time was a wonderful period when television was actually better than the cinema. Cinema was in decline – there weren't big, commercial Hollywood movies that were better than what we were doing. Television was a reason to stay home on Saturday night" [director Michael E Briant]; "I suspect the stuff we were doing then would now go out after nine o'clock" [writer Chris Boucher]

- **Line to learn by heart** "Please do not throw hands at me" [D84]

4

Pyramids of Mars

Death and devotion

John Ainsworth

It will be no surprise to anyone to find that *Pyramids of Mars* has made it into **DWM**'s readers' top ten. It is essential *Doctor Who*, a concise encapsulation of all the elements to have made the series unique and memorable: a confined environment, a small set of well-defined characters, an alien menace threatening the very existence of Earth, the Doctor's cunning use of ingenuity as his only weapon and, perhaps most of all, that peculiar *Doctor Who* 'twist' which gives a new perspective on historical and scientific fact. "Egyptian mummies building rockets – that's crazy," quips companion Sarah at one point. And, of course, it *is* crazy – but it is also thoroughly *Doctor Who*.

It is perhaps surprising, therefore – given its stature within the *Doctor Who* canon – that the plot logistics of *Pyramids of Mars* don't stand up to even mild scrutiny. Sorry if I'm shattering any illusions here, but consider the following: why doesn't Sutekh build and launch his rocket from Egypt? Given that it *has* to be launched from England, why does Sutekh send Ibraham Namin to the Old Priory, rather than Scarman – who later arrives by time tunnel, only to kill Namin? Having used it once, why don't either Sarah or the Doctor use Namin's ring to control the mummies? Once free of the Eye of Horus, why does Sutekh come down the time tunnel? If he's only going to destroy the world, why can't he do that from Egypt, rather than England?

And there's more. But the point I'm making here is not that *Pyramids of Mars* is rubbish because it doesn't make sense, but that it is an excellent *Doctor Who* story *despite* the fact that it doesn't make sense. So, why *is* it so good?

There is a tremendous sense of satisfaction from watching *Pyramids of Mars*, and clearly this doesn't come from the story mechanics. This would suggest that the focus of the story lies not in the plot itself but on a far more basic emotive level.

Death is a vital component of *Doctor Who*. In almost every *Doctor Who* story at least one person dies. Death, and the fear of death, are at the very heart of the drama of the series – and it has rarely been better utilised to involve an audience on an emotional level than in *Pyramids of Mars*.

As the style of *Doctor Who* has changed and evolved over the years, so has the way in which death has been used and presented – from high tragedy to low comedy. In the latter days of the series it seemed that life had become cheap: bodycounts soared, fuelled by an endless supply of nameless characters who served no other purpose than to provide cannon fodder for Daleks, Cybermen *et al*; characters were often inexplicably able to cheat death, as per the Valeyard, the Borad and Grace and Chang Lee in the TV Movie. Unfortunately, once you devalue death you inevitably lessen the impact of the drama.

Pyramids of Mars is an excellent story despite the fact that it doesn't make sense

Of course, to appreciate the death of a character is to experience a loss – and one can only feel the loss of a person if they were in some way valued in the first place. *Pyramids of Mars* positively excels in this department.

Naturally, nobody is ever in any doubt that the Doctor and his companion will survive whatever alien threat they encounter.

However, the performances of Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen have reached such a peak by *Pyramids of Mars* that their ability to communicate the fear and suffering of their characters chases away any complacency the audience may be entertaining. Baker and Sladen were always good together, but they were never better than they are here.

Other than the Doctor and Sarah, only a handful of characters appear in *Pyramids of Mars*, and all of them come to a tragic end. With a combination of good character acting and imaginative writing, the characters endear themselves to the audience despite, in some cases, their failings. Even the suffering of Clements the poacher, a comparatively minor character, is keenly felt despite the fact that he has almost no lines. His desperate attempt to escape the relentless pursuit of the mummies is genuinely frightening and his ultimate demise is memorably gruesome.

Surviving longer than most is Laurence Scarman, and consequently the audience gets to know him better than any of the other regular characters. His sad refusal to acknowledge the loss of his brother Marcus ultimately leads to his tragic end. The audience, like Sarah, is sympathetic towards a man who simply cannot comprehend how an extraterrestrial being masquerading as an Egyptian god could somehow have taken control of his brother.

Of course, however likeable and real the characters, the audience can only fear for their survival if the threat of death is believably real. One could hardly want for a more threatening opponent than Sutekh.

"I bring Sutekh's gift of death to all humanity." This chilling line brings to a close the first episode of *Pyramids of Mars*, and expresses Sutekh's horrifically simple *raison d'être*. Unlike many of the villains in *Doctor Who* before and since, Sutekh is not motivated by a lust for power; he simply wants to destroy all life. Death is not his means, but his end. This simplicity of intent makes Sutekh the Destroyer so memorable. He is beyond reason, persuasion or manipulation and possesses immense mental abilities that are only held in check by the Eye of Horus. The Doctor himself indicates that Sutekh really is one of the most formidable adversaries he has ever encountered.

Perhaps *Pyramids of Mars* is strong evidence that the so-called 'magic' of *Doctor Who* does not actually have its roots in monsters, spaceships and other science fiction clichés, but that it shares the same basis of all good drama. *Doctor Who* has always been at its best when believable characters, whether alien or human, react in a credible manner in unusual situations. There is no doubt that *Pyramids of Mars* is one of the very finest examples the series ever produced.

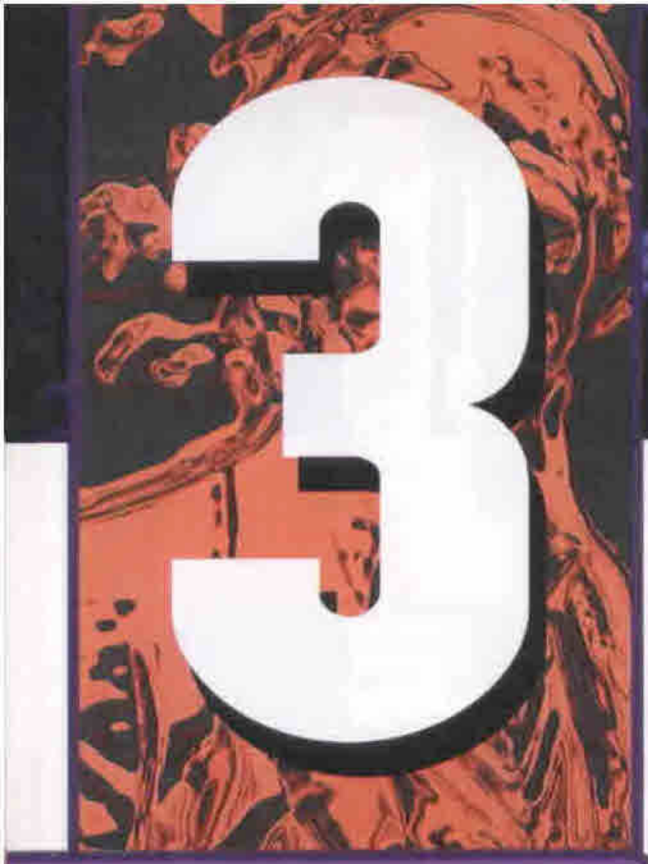
Facts and figures

Score 86.9%

Number crunching Watched by an average of 10.72 million people on its initial broadcast between 25 October and 15 November 1975, *Pyramids of Mars* topped even these figures just over one year later; with 13.7 million viewers, its omnibus repeat on 27 November 1976 was both the seventh most-watched programme of that week and, it transpires, the second highest-rated *Doctor Who* instalment ever. It placed second, fourth, seventh, tenth and third in various *DWB* series surveys conducted between 1986 and 1993.

What they said "Dr Who's girl assistant was stalked through a snapping, crackling autumn wood by two 7ft., grey-bandaged Egyptian mummies. Twin Frankensteins who would have put the wind of heaven up Peter Cushing. At the time, I thought them strong, if not fetid, for a 'children's programme.' . . . my child was alone in a room with a programme which could have screwed up and permanently crunched his nerve with one mummified hand" [columnist Jean Rook in the *Daily Express*]; "We weren't just doing *Hammer* horror – taking the props and having people wander around as they would in an Egyptology horror story. We wanted to use the props of that genre and do something different" [producer Philip Hinchcliffe quoted in *In Vision*, October 1988]

Line to learn by heart "Your evil is my good. I am Sutekh the Destroyer. Where I tread I leave nothing but dust and darkness. I find that good" [Sutekh]



3 The Caves of Androzani

Hatred and heroism

Stephen Cole

Fourteen years since *The Caves of Androzani* was broadcast, it seems hard to believe that there can be anything left to say about this most celebrated of stories. I could mention the fact that the Doctor points out the story should really be titled *The Blow Holes of Androzani* three minutes in, but someone's bound to have said that before me. I could draw attention to the innovative direction or the stunning musical score, or the fact that writer Robert Holmes is at the pastiche game yet again, this time raiding all the *leitmotifs* of Jacobean tragedy for his purposes – but again, you've surely heard it all before. I expect there are many who have even sat down and discussed what the Magma creatures could have eaten to survive before humans came to Androzani Minor, but there's not much meat for any proposed study of the story there.

Other than the Doctor and Peri there are no good guys: everyone is corrupt, callous or both

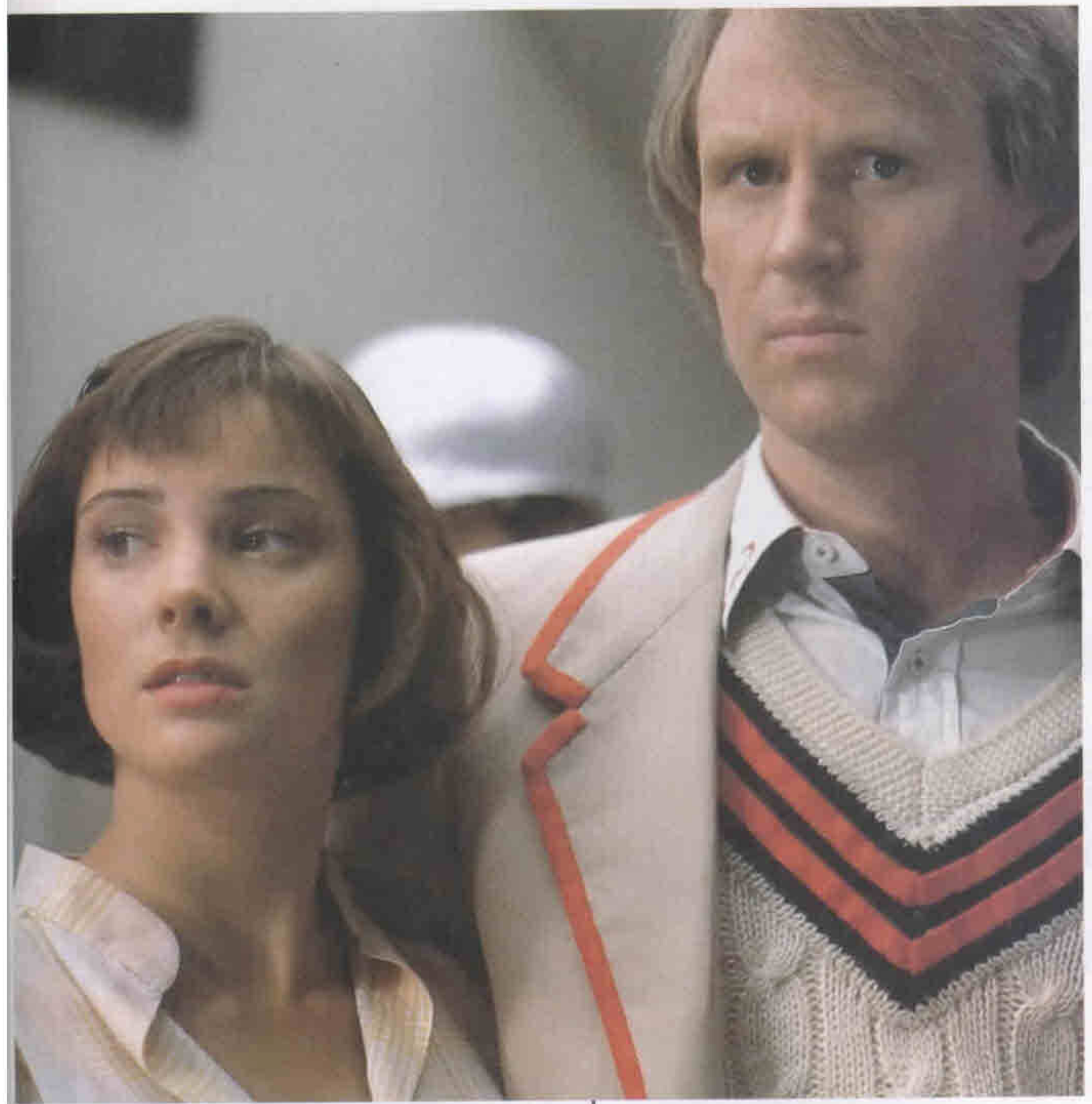
It's hardly surprising. *Caves* is a tale that has been, and truly deserves to be, talked about again and again. Admittedly, it shares many of the trappings of rank-and-file *Doctor Who* – occasionally wobbly effects, rubber monsters and the sense that 'oh, they'd have gone for that take again if they'd had more time' – but the enthusiasm and ambition that seems to permeate the production is such that the end result practically *demands* vocal appreciation.

The script is probably the most disciplined Holmes ever produced. Essentially it's set piece after set piece; practically each new cut or dissolve leads us to another memorable scene which pushes the story relentlessly onwards whilst simultaneously enriching its characters – and, remarkably, beyond the Doctor and Peri, there are no good guys to be found: everyone is either corrupt, callous or both. Compounding the sombre mood, instead of Holmes' trademark jocular double-acts we get the subdued black humour of General Chellak and Major Salateen, his number two, plus Morgus and his ever attentive PA Krau Timmin.

The pleasure in watching these double-acts is the resonance between them – while Chellak is a weak leader, ordered around by civilians and his own number two, whom he knows is far brighter and more efficient than he is, Morgus is a ruthless manipulator who is wholly unaware that *his* number two is plotting and scheming herself, to the point where she effectively fleeces him of everything he has ever built up. The only time each of them attempts to do something themselves at first hand – in both cases, confronting the embittered Sharaz Jek in his lair – they prove themselves wholly incompetent and pay the price with their lives.

Jek himself is a wonderfully moving fusion of the brutal and the pathetic. While he can be pitied and, in a warped sort of way, respected for his ingenuity and indomitability of will, actor Christopher Gable never lets us forget that above all Jek is dangerous and terrifyingly unstable, consumed by the hatred he feels for Morgus whose betrayal cost him his face and a normal life. With technology being so advanced in Androzani's system it seems unlikely Jek would have to suffer his hideous deformities – all he need do is go to a plastic surgeon or indeed use some of the skin substitutes he employs for his android replicas. One gets the impression therefore that it was the betrayal itself which wounded Jek the most, and having driven him, by his own admission, entirely mad; avenging himself is all that matters. Let's not forget he's engineered this war, claiming countless lives in the process, purely to get at one man; he wants Morgus' head at his feet, "congealed in its own evil blood".

It's true that Jek's lines are occasionally so florid they're well over the top, but the intensity Gable brings to the part makes Jek wholly believable despite his innate theatricality. This intensity and economy is mirrored in the production as a whole. It seems incredible, but there are actually less than ten speaking parts in the entire story (aside from the companion cameos during the regeneration); the characters are all interconnected into a great dark whole, like the caves of Androzani Minor themselves.



Foremost among these is, of course, Peter Davison's Fifth Doctor. Holmes actually seems to script the part quite generically – there's the slightly sardonic wit of the Fourth in many of Davison's confrontations (look at his scenes with Chellak in Part One or his mocking of Jek in Parts Two and Three), the jocular egotism of the Third's creeping into throwaway lines. These familiar 'Doctorish' traits give an energy to Davison's performance which, arguably, he was only previously able to muster in *Frontios*.

But while the past lies there like strength, the major reason the Fifth Doctor actually comes across so well in *Caves* is because Davison's more vulnerable, innocent Doctor is so at odds with the brutality of the squalid little world he is initially so keen to investigate. Witnessing our hero blabbing to Jek to prevent both arms being ripped out by androids is a painful, dignity-stealing scene reminiscent of Pertwee's Doctor being forced to march round by the Queen Spider in his own swansong. Indeed, watching the Doctor slowly dying throughout the whole story adds a poignancy to his struggle which, for once, is an entirely personal one – he only wants to save Peri's life.

As his struggle is so basic and personal, the Doctor's heroism is exposed in a subtly different way. Rarely for a *Doctor Who* story, he doesn't transform or influence for the better any of the the people he meets, nor does he bring any kind of catharsis or resolution to the overall situation. Witness his return to Jek's base when he's carrying the antidote back to Peri. Amid the carnage and corpses he barely looks round, takes nothing in – it's just not important to him. He simply lifts up Peri and exits, without another glance.

When the TARDIS finally dematerialises on the exploding planet surface, everyone's dead and all plans have been wrecked. Ultimately (and pleasingly), the story demonstrates that only the innocent honour of the Doctor's desperate fight to save Peri really matters, while the means to greedily *prolong* human life – the huge store of wonder drug spectrox that so many have died for already – is wiped out, the entire war proven ultimately senseless.

Having voiced my concerns at the top of the page that, as the years go by, we've heard it all before, I now find myself heartened that, with the greatest of *Doctor Who*, there's always something more to say. And *Caves* really is up there among the very best. **DWM**

Facts and figures

Score 88.51%

● **Number crunching** On average, 7.3 million watched this, the Fifth Doctor's television *adieu*, on its initial broadcast outing between 8 and 16 March 1984. And whereas members of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society elected *The Caves of Androzani* their favourite story of the 1984 season, **DWM** readers plumped for *Resurrection of the Daleks* – which is placed at a comparatively lowly 48 in this survey. Remarkably, however, the character of Sharaz Jek walked away in 1984 with **DWM** readers' gongs for both 'Best Villain' and 'Best Supporting Character'.

● **What they said** "He lands on this strange planet, and within the first five minutes of episode one, he's dying . . . He's in trouble, and you're quickly captured and bewitched by this guy's plight. It's not so much a case of 'Is he going to die?' but more like 'When?' . . . It was what Robert Holmes liked to call a 'Spiralling Descent Syndrome' . . . an unending series of misunderstandings and accidents ultimately lead to the central character's downfall . . . This is the kind of storytelling that Kafka himself would have been proud of" [director Graeme Harper in the book *Classic Who: The Harper Classics*, published 1996]

● **Line to learn by heart** "Beauty I must have, but you are dispensable . . . You have the mouth of a prattling jackanapes . . . It's of no matter. I shall break you to my will. And if I can't break you, I shall kill you" [Sharaz Jek]

2

The Talons of Weng-Chiang

Carnage and carnality

Alan Barnes

The Talons of Weng-Chiang may be many things – *grand guignol* melodrama, scattergun literary pastiche, iffy in its racial politics – but it's strange that the one key element binding this most magnificently multi-faceted of *Doctor Who*s is rarely commented upon.

It is *screamingly* funny, laugh-out-loud *hilarious*. Being a set of Robert Holmes scripts this is, of course, laughter in the dark, a humour "black as Newgate's knocker". "Show us a trick," begs the Doctor upon recognising the man interpreting a Chinese murder suspect's words as stage magician Li H'sen Chang. Whereupon the suspect, having surreptitiously ingested scorpion venom, convulses and dies, his head thumping flat to the table. "Very good, very good," chuckles the Doctor, admiring. It doesn't make for comfortable viewing. Later, as part of his stage act, the self-confessed "despicable Chang" trains a pistol on a pack of cards that the Doctor is holding directly in front of his face and beseeches quiet of his audience, for "Chang shoot 15 peasants learning this trick". It's spoken as patter – but we take it for fact and bite our tongues hard. Far from defusing the tension, the gag actually heightens it. Now there's a trick and a half.

Tricks and traps, tricks and treats, turning tricks; like the very best conjurers, that Mr Holmes makes it all seem so easy. Can there be a *Doctor Who* with finer dialogue? This is a story not content to merely misquote Wilde ("A hatbox?") but effortlessly trips out witty couplets more than worthy of the divine Oscar himself. "Things are coming to a pretty pass when ruffians will attack a man in his own home," bemoans put-upon professor of pathology Litefoot. "Well, they were *Chinese* ruffians," counters the Doctor, acknowledging the other's Empire-cossetted lifestyle. "Unthinkable!" blusters the Doctor bullishly upon being told that, if fired, Litefoot's "Chinese fowling piece" will probably explode in his face. "It was made in Birmingham!"

Not that this is any comedy of manners; companion Leela is deployed to demolish Victorian social nicety in much the way she demolishes Litefoot's dining-room windows. It's mainly through Leela that the world in which *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* takes place is made more weird and strange and alien than a galaxy of Vortises or Karns – be it by naming policemen "blue guards" or by pointing up the absurdity of the music hall tradition ("Do we need to give the responses?" she asks while "the Sheffield Songthrush" leads London's plebiscite through the chorus of *Daisy, Daisy*. "There's no obligation," answers the Doctor). She even gets to introduce a member of the Victorian professional classes to the pleasures of the flesh, tearing meat off the bone with hands and teeth. (Now there's a scene ripe for cod-Freudian analysis . . .)

> **"You will witness the vilest scenes of depravity and degradation," warns Litefoot. He's not wrong**

Ah, meat. Like the Peking Homunculus, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* "revels in carnage", wallows in the carnal and the base. This is a *Doctor Who* in which we meet a two-bob whore, consult a bloodied, opium-addled recent amputee, witness a flatfoot being flattened with a hatchet and catch sight of a body face-down in effluent being gnawed upon by a giant rat; the finale even invites us to observe that villain Magnus Greel has progressed from, ahem, 'nourishing' himself with charladies and cab-drivers' wives and now intends to feast on underage girls! "You will witness the vilest scenes of depravity and degradation," warns Litefoot at one point. He's not wrong, but there's even worse going on off-screen: Leela's throttling of a Tong with his own pigtail; the "charnel house" knee-deep in "putrefying human remains" where the mortally wounded Chang awakes; the butchery in Brisbane which gave Greel his reputation. "On my oath!" wheezes Patsy Smart's raddled riverside Ghoul upon being exposed to the sight of the eviscerated Buller. "Yer wouldn't want that served with yer onions. Never seen anything like it in all my puff. Eurgh, make an 'orse sick, that would!" The Ghoul, needless to add, is inserted as comic relief. And this is family viewing?

Well, yes, for *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* gets stuck into more than just viscera. It's pulp adventure, and not profound – there's no message, no clunking allegory to be found at its core – but it does have a vital centre: characterisation. It's funny and horrid and thrilling all at once simply because its people and their dialogue pull its world together, iron out its contradictions, make it all make sense. Chang's worldly observation that "I understand we [Orientals] all look the same" is met, for example, by the alien Doctor's entirely genuine "Are you Chinese?"

This may be a fantasy, but it's a real fantasy, a fantasy that's true unto itself. And it never once stops being true, even though every single major character is acting out a performance of one sort or another: pompous impresario Jago is a cowardly sham; Chang is a charlatan, his powers granted by non-spiritual means; Greel a false god dressed in a ham actor's floppy hat and cape; Leela adopts a charm-schooled pose; even the Doctor revels in the role of Sir Denis Nayland Smith, hero of Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu novels, the primary source plundered throughout the serial (something tacitly acknowledged in both the know-it-all Doctor's claim to Jago that he has a hotline to the higher echelons of Scotland Yard, *pace* Smith, and the reference to the Doctor's hoping to see music hall mainstay Little Tich; Rohmer ghost-wrote Tich's autobiography). Like in all the best fairy-tales, all come to know themselves fully by the climax, to reassume their proper selves – bar Greel and Sin, and that's why we cheer their downfall.

How appropriate, then, that *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* should begin with a delighted audience roaring applause. It is, after all, pure theatre. DWM

Facts and figures

Score
89.95%

● **Number crunching** Versus variety show *New Faces*, an average of 10.35 million saw *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*'s initial run between 26 February and 2 April 1977. DWAS members voted it their favourite of the season.

● **What they said** "*Dr. Who* is nerve-wrenching, spine-gripping, and now totally grown up. Checking, I find I have 40-year-old friends who won't watch it . . . I wonder if this inflated, ex-children's programme is over-stretching itself to 15ft rats. And worshipping its own, uninhibited, cult" [journalist Jean Rook, the *Daily Express*, 11 February 1977]; "Parents would be terribly irresponsible to leave a six-year-old to watch it alone. It's geared to the intelligent 14-year-old and I wouldn't let any child under ten see it" [writer Robert Holmes, quoted in same]; "Well it's true, it was" [producer Philip Hinchcliffe's response to the allegation that the serial was derogatory to the Chinese community, told to fanzine *In-Vision*]

● **Line to learn by heart** "I may have had a bang on the head, but this is a dashed queer story!" [Professor Litefoot]

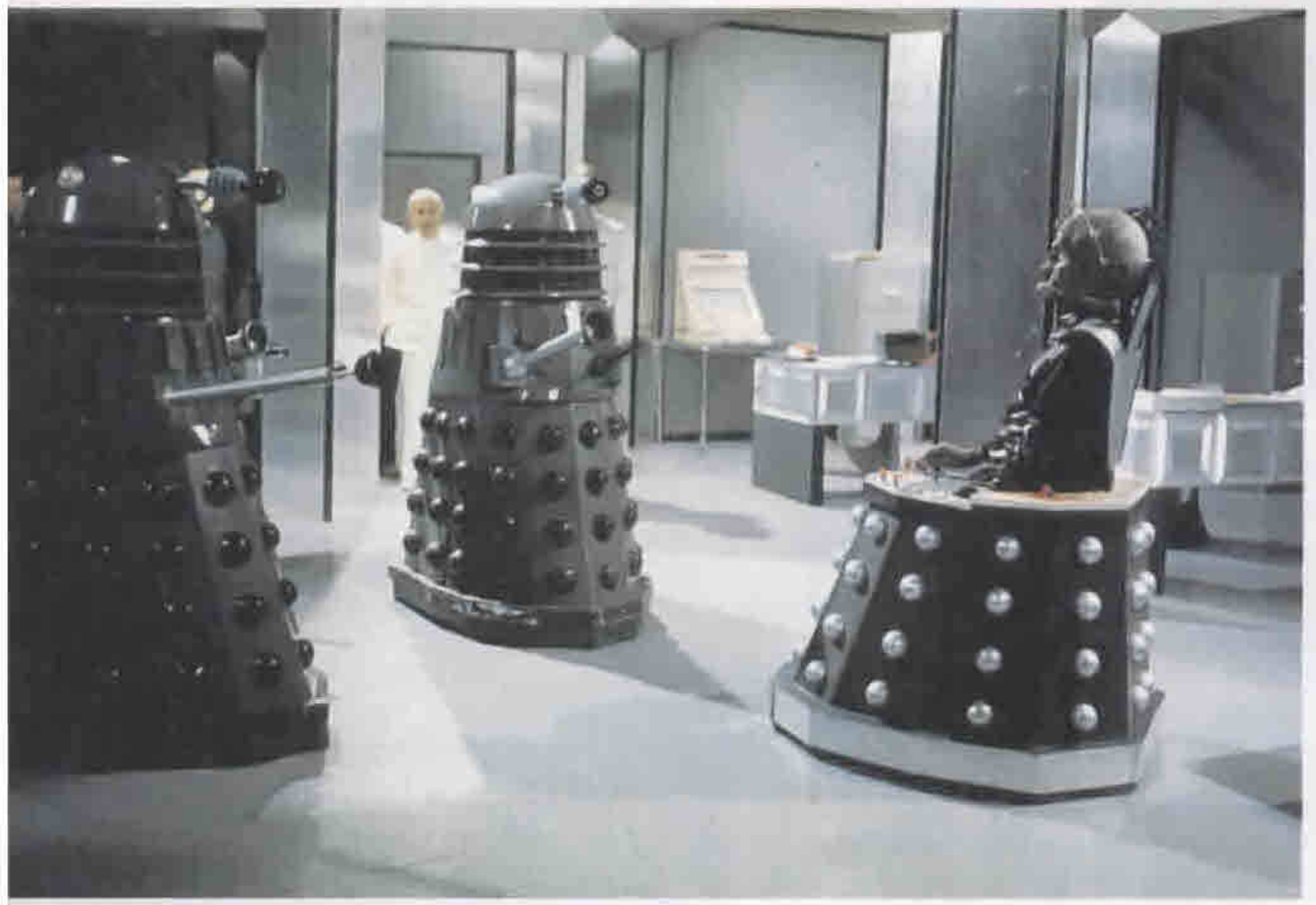
1 Genesis of the Daleks

Morals and monstrosity

Philip MacDonald

You'd be forgiven for thinking there was nothing more to say about *Genesis of the Daleks*. A *Doctor Who* classic, a superbly constructed piece of storytelling operating on all sorts of levels from the purely visceral to the out-and-out intellectual, top-notch performances, tight direction, blistering dialogue, terrific music . . . all this, and more, we agreed years ago. But there's a temptation to look at the story today entirely in terms of its privileged status in the bedrock of *Doctor Who* mythology. In fact, it's almost impossible to conceive of a time when it wasn't there. But if we take *Genesis of the Daleks* out of its retrospective setting, and instead consider it in the context of the time in which it was first screened – as nothing more or less than the newest set of episodes in a TV programme not long past its 11th birthday – we find if anything an even more remarkable piece of television, and a *Doctor Who* story even more richly deserving of its awesome reputation.

The story transcends its stereotypes to become the definitive *Doctor Who* epic



I had the great good fortune to be seven years old when *Genesis of the Daleks* was first broadcast. I can remember my father explaining what 'genesis' meant as the opening titles of the first episode faded from the screen. At the time I, like many of my age, was still reeling with the shock of seeing the only Doctor I had ever known usurped by a wild-eyed stranger with a crazy wardrobe, a yo-yo fixation and a smile like a piano keyboard. But seven is a resourceful and adaptable age, and as we know now with the benefit of hindsight, it was the beginning of *Doctor Who*'s golden years. Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven.

In the real world outside, however, the spring of 1975 was no time to shore up the stuff of rose-tinted reminiscences. It was a dark and uncertain period rife with civil and industrial unrest. A Christmas bombing campaign in the cities of mainland Britain had brought the Ulster troubles to crisis point. The first significant ground-gaining by the National Front Party was giving impetus to an ugly voice of racial supremacism, while everyone from fashion designers to cocaine-addled rock stars were contributing to an unhealthy interest in Fascism and a disturbing vogue for Nazi chic. More significantly, this was the period in which servicemen home from the disastrous aftermath of Vietnam were shattering romantic notions of 'the good war' with horrific tales of torture and barbarity (on both sides of the battle lines) and such standard practices as ripping weapons and gas-masks from dead comrades in the heat of battle. To a Western world already convulsed by the Watergate scandal and the ongoing ethical debate about America's involvement in Vietnam, the reality and extent of the carnage in South-East Asia was a home truth too far. And, as often happens in times of violent tragedy, there were those who sought reassurance by blaming it all on television.

"*Doctor Who* was once a fantasy adventure serial for children," explained viewer Alison Duddington in a letter to *Radio Times* in March 1975. "Not any more, though: in today's episode we saw the Doctor and his friends in a corpse-strewn minefield, wrenching gas-masks from the faces of dead soldiers in order to survive an attack by poison gas themselves, captured by Nazi-pattern stormtroopers and finally pursued through a foggy, nightmarish landscape by the repulsive results of 'failed experiments in human genetics'. It was brutal, violent and revolting – totally without point or plot – yet convincingly enough done to be really terrifying for many normal children, and to put some very nasty ideas into the heads of some of the growing number of disturbed ones. Does the producer of this unpleasant effort really expect a not-too-bright child to know the difference between grim reality on the Falls Road or in Cambodia, and a jolly little Saturday romp with the Doctor?" The unpleasant effort's producer replied to the letter at some length, concluding that the Doctor's latest adventure would "be seen to adopt a clearly moral attitude towards senseless warfare".

I'm here to tell you now that at least one seven year-old viewer managed to work out the difference between the fictional planet Skaro and the real-life planet Earth. But Ms Duddington's vague remarks about disturbed children and her demonstrably insupportable claim that *Genesis of the Daleks*, of all stories, was "totally without point or plot", suggest a hidden agenda in her complaint. It comes as no surprise, then, that Mary Whitehouse of the National Viewers' And Listeners' Association was to follow swiftly behind with a transparently identical criticism of "corpses, poison-gas and Nazi-type stormtroopers, not to mention revolting experiments in human genetics" ("not to mention" is an entirely appropriate qualifier, since curiously enough the revolting experiments which made such a precisely-worded impression on both Duddington and Whitehouse aren't mentioned anywhere in the episode).

The NVALA has always been eager – and never more so than in its seventies heyday – to encourage the popular perception of itself as a down-to-earth meeting of minds, a common denominator of decent, everyday television consumers, its most celebrated spokesperson an ordinary, plain-speaking housewife. In truth the Association is a religious fundamentalist pressure group opposed to all television, particularly television aimed at children – and if you think these are strong words, you should know that its newsletter once ran a lengthy article purporting to offer scientific proof that watching television is a major cause of blindness. Religious extremists have an established track record of claiming blindness to be the result of activities they find offensive, but laughable though such philistinism clearly is, the Association's campaign against *Doctor Who* in the mid-seventies touches on a deadly serious moral issue, and it's one that Philip Hinchcliffe evidently grasped more firmly than Mrs Whitehouse: if children are to recognise goodness, they have to be made aware of evil. This is something that good storytellers have always known, from Roald Dahl and the Brothers Grimm right back to the author of the Book of Genesis itself. Knowledge of good and evil allows moral categories to exist, allows us to choose to act for the good. And this, of course, is precisely the argument which provides *Genesis of the Daleks* with its savage beauty.

It's often been labelled a "morality play", but *Genesis* is far from the lumbering arrangement of clumsy metaphors it might have been in lesser hands. As early as the first ever Dalek

conformities – and so the Daleks' legendary battle-cry is here invested with its full historical significance.

But *Genesis of the Daleks* is far more than a crude scrapbook of World War Two movie images; its *mise en scène* is a bizarre and bewildering medley of human conflict. Outside the nuclear-age Kaled bunker there are First World War trenches and minefields. There is talk of chemical weapons, redolent of Vietnam and Agent Orange, while the Thals' genocidal rocket with its radioactive warhead is a grim nod toward Hiroshima. The two Domes themselves are surely meant to remind us of the stark East/West divide of the Brezhnev era. Right at the beginning the Doctor discovers a corpse dressed in animal skins and clutching a futuristic energy-weapon: a nightmare synthesis of centuries of human warfare. But all these signposts merely provide a framework for the action. It's the way in which moral arguments are entwined around the storytelling that gives *Genesis of the Daleks* its heart.

> **It's the way moral arguments are entwined around the storytelling that gives *Genesis of the Daleks* its heart**

story, writer Terry Nation was exploring the notion that Mutos are in the eye of the beholder, and that life acquires urgency and meaning only when there is something to fight for. But what is truly exceptional about *Genesis of the Daleks* is its intrinsic acknowledgement of the moral difficulties behind the questions it raises. As a story it's never less than earnestly moral, but at no point does it attempt to dogmatise theories of morality in the way that makes *Planet of the Daleks* such a bumpy ride by comparison. *Genesis* presents a broad, difficult, untidy canvas, a moral complexity that demands intelligence, thought and interpretation – exactly the sort of things that threaten the certainties of the Whitehouses of this world.

There are plenty of *Doctor Who* stories that have something to say about war – *Frontier in Space, The Crusade, The Awakening,* even *Delta and the Bannermen* – but nowhere else does the programme attempt such a systematic confrontation of the moral, racial and societal ethics of the subject. We all know, of course, that the "auxiliary performance codes" of *Genesis* are far from "redundant", as the portrayal of the Kaleds is informed by a potent rendition of thirties Nazism. The Scientific Elite logo is a combination of the insignias of the SS and of Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. There's a proliferation of glossy jackboots and steel-rimmed spectacles, and Nyder even sports an Iron Cross in the early episodes, although this was quietly removed as recording continued. Davros himself is both a ranting Hitler and a lurid Mengele, genetically engineering his super-race and undertaking to exterminate all non-

On one level, the story kicks off as pretty standard Terry Nation stuff, albeit delivered with a hardness and a panache new to the series (director David Maloney's preoccupation with gas-masks, smoke-bombs and freeze-frames would effectively become part of *Doctor Who*'s house style during the Hinchcliffe seasons). The forbidding, deserted environment, the gradual series of clues, the discovery of a dead body, the Doctor's companion being stalked by a shambling figure who turns out to be an indispensable comrade – this is a pattern familiar from almost any of Nation's first episodes. But *Genesis* somehow pulls it off, effortlessly transcending its stereotypes to become instead definitive, an archetype, a *Doctor Who* epic. We'll probably never know for sure who engineered the shift in narrative focus away from the Daleks themselves, a shift which helps elevate the story to greatness, but it's certainly difficult to see Davros as anything other than a Robert Holmes character. The Doctor's moral dilemmas are clearly Terry Nation's material, however (indeed, some of them are rehearsed word-for-word in his short story *We Are The Daleks!*, published in the 1973 *Radio Times* special), and the combination makes for a potent brew. Davros is a template for the villains of the early Tom Baker era – withered away both in body and spirit, obsessed with his "glorious project", flanked by sadistic henchmen and, by no means least, tremendously well-designed and acted. You can see his descendants in practically every *Doctor Who* story for the next two years. But at the same time Davros offers something more than the distilled, quintessential evil of Sutekh or Morbius. He is a thinker, indeed a doubter; behind his work there is a philosophy, however perverted. And like Hitler, who also died in a besieged bunker, Davros is ultimately an aberration from his own fantasy of a super-race, exposing a fundamental ideological flaw that seals his fate at the hands of his own creations. And let's not forget that for the next four-and-a-half years Davros was a one-off character, unequivocally dead – and despite some enjoyable rematches, he ought really to have stayed that way. His death is the vital poetic stroke of *Genesis of the Daleks*.

And so, at the age of seven, I loved *Genesis* not only because it was utterly gripping but also because it treated me as a creature capable of thought. It flexed my young imagination and raised huge, serious questions that made all the bombs, rockets, Daleks and giant clams far more exciting into the bargain. I had no idea then, of course, that many of the story's big ideas derived from Dostoyevsky, but that's the sort of discovery which makes *Doctor Who* an adult pleasure as well as a childhood one. "Imagine," invites Dostoyevsky in *The Brothers Karamazov*, "that it is yourself who are erecting the edifice of human destiny with the aim of making men happy and giving them peace and contentment at last, but that to do that it is absolutely necessary . . . to torture to death only one tiny creature . . . would you consent to be the architect on those conditions?" This is exactly the dilemma confronted by the Doctor outside the Dalek incubation chamber, and it provides a grim counterpoint to Davros' fantasy of universal domination through control of a microbe. In subsequent Dalek stories the increasingly obligatory scene in which the Doctor and Davros put aside their differences to discuss the story's moral issues inevitably becomes a little quaint. Here the moral dialogues are at the very centre of the story, articulating the distance between the Doctor's altruistic agenda ("Do I have the right?") and Davros' megalomania ("I shall have that power!"). The big red "TOTAL DESTRUCT" button, which ultimately only Davros feels able to use, has been mocked by fans as a rather ludicrous plot device, but surely this is to miss the point entirely; it's a bald, blatant, almost comical symbol of moral responsibility. It never gets pressed.

In the same territory, *Genesis of the Daleks* boasts one of *Doctor Who*'s most fundamentally frightening cliffhangers, as Davros threatens to torture Sarah and Harry unless the Doctor reveals the future history of Dalek defeats. Which will the Doctor protect – untold billions yet unborn, or the lives of his two friends? The fact that the answer is completely obvious only adds to the tension.

And tension is something this story delivers in spades – even in these days of video overkill it's still possible to sit through *Genesis* in one go with a stomach tied in knots. It helps that the stakes are so high, but even the minutiae (or, if you prefer, the padding) between the big showdowns are played to nail-biting effect – witness the sequence in which the Doctor treads on a landmine, or the Thal soldier taunting Sarah Jane on the rocket gantry, or Nyder's celebrated "Thank you, that's what I wanted to know" scene – or any one of a dozen others. This is a story in which every moment is, entirely appropriately, a matter of life or death.

Ultimately the Doctor arrives – albeit by a different route – at Davros' own conclusion that "the Daleks are the power not of evil but of good". Like Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor, Davros imagines a "world state and universal peace" brought about by total subjugation. The Doctor goes beyond, and recognises the Daleks' instrumental role in galvanising human endeavour and creating the friendship bred by fear of a common foe. The argument transcends the fiction of *Doctor Who* and becomes a commentary on the programme's cultural authority. We need to create monsters because we need to find ways of discussing and bearing the burden of our own monstrousness. *Genesis of the Daleks*, like the book from which it takes its name, is a tale about the birth of evil, the foundation of an archetype to define the moral universe. As a result it's not just the ultimate Dalek story but also, perhaps, the ultimate *Doctor Who* story. What Mary Whitehouse could never hope to understand is that when *Doctor Who* is as morally, as socially, as historically aware as this – when the Doctor takes time to explain to his millions of companions why he has deliberately elected to fudge a mission to wipe out his own arch-enemies – then out of this great programme must come something good.

I was only seven, and I knew nothing about it at the time, but the final episode of *Genesis of the Daleks* was transmitted the day after America finally pulled out of Vietnam. Neither Western society nor *Doctor Who* has been quite the same since. DWM

Facts and figures

Score 90.12%

● **Number crunching** Circa 9.6 million watched *Genesis of the Daleks* between 8 March and 12 April 1975, the first of a record four outings on BBC television (the others being Christmas 1975, summer 1982 and early in 1993). *Genesis* took sixth place in fanzine *DWB*'s early nineties Poll of Polls and placed fifth in its 30th anniversary survey – although it should be noted that these canvassed a significantly smaller number of participants than the DWM Awards.

● **What they said** "Am I glorifying evil in a way? No, certainly I would have avoided that absolutely . . . *Genesis of the Daleks* was a highly moral tale. It was always intended to be a kind of anti-war piece – an anti-political piece, and certainly anti-totalitarianism. Trust no-one, especially governments! . . . It's always been one of my favourites because it stayed very true to the script. I had demanded tremendous things of the production – like the rocket ship the Thals were building . . . the producer gave me almost everything I asked for in that show. When I actually sit at the typewriter I see the pictures in front of me, and those pictures were fairly well realised by the time I saw it on the screen – when they came out of my head. Never do they come out looking identical to the ones I saw. But that time they came out fairly fully realised. I think the production was brilliant on that show – they did wonderful things" [writer Terry Nation in *In Vision*, March 1988]

● **Line to learn by heart** "He works without conscience, without soul, without pity – and his machines are equally devoid of these properties" [the Doctor]

The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

In which the Doctor fails to mend a broken heart – and a funny thing happens on the way to the Odeon.

Someone, I'm sure, inspired by *Everything I've Needed To Know About Life I Learnt From Star Trek*, has considered penning the *Doctor Who* equivalent, and although it will be a close run as to which weighty tome would prove the most useless, it'd be fair to presume that when dealing with relationships, the *Who* version would find itself somewhat abbreviated.

Nevertheless, to take this fantasy publication as Bible, fast-track results may be obtained by cocoa-sharing, becoming a Welsh professor of mushrooms, or by spooking innocent soldiers with breathy, Perivale-grown riddles concerning the meteorological effects on your clothes. Caution, though, is advised upon the last entry; if overplayed, the erotic delivery can give the impression that you've verbally evaporated your own knickers. But while such a journal may burden my shelf with Tachyon scientific accuracies, enlighten me as to which household appliances have polarities worth reversing and suggest several engineered scenarios in which to drop the blistering 'inverse ratio' put-down, when tragedy strikes, as it has struck Nigel, it would offer scant consolation.

Thursday

6.40pm Nicky Parrot was gone. This, the fourth in a series of self-analysing 'phone calls from Nigel, confirmed it. Despite the Doctor teaching him such words as 'genesis' and their meanings at primary age, despite the Doctor being responsible for his first waistcoat, first video, first doll, his follower had reached something of a plateau – although in the Doctor's case it was more of a precipice over which, along with Nigel's image, he was in danger of being flung.

"He has never," he protested, "helped me pull a bird . . . perhaps if I'd been into *The X Files*."

I mustered my finest, calmest, social worker voice: "It's nothing to do with it."

"D'you remember Kim Wu?"

"Troughton haircut? Short? Smelled of bananas?"

"No. That's Debbie Dovesdale, who I tried to woo back with a remix of *Doctor in Distress*."

I recalled the letter: "Nigel's in distress . . . come back now, I won't take less."

"Yes, that probably was a misjudgement," I conceded, but continued with confidence: "*Doctor Who* isn't a third ear. Many may not understand it and find its use as a shorthand for numerous other unconnected conversations confusing, but it isn't the reason why people like or dislike us." I was to underline the difference between being consumed by, and indulging in, the programme when the doorbell cut in.

"I'll ring you back."

I protested that I was rushed in view of catching *Jackie Brown* with Patrick at the multiplex, but said yes.

I should have rung him.

Phone counselling whilst simultaneously buttoning a silk shirt had left me with a dishevelled appearance; aware, I opened the door ready to claim I was hurried. It was Nicky Parrot, grinning, holding aloft a straining carrier bag as if delivering a Budget.

"Oh," she sniggered, scanning my attire, not one button in its correct place. "Am I interrupting?"

"No," I replied, with perhaps too much affronted emphasis. "I was on the 'phone to . . ." I said 'Chas' to sidestep mutual embarrassment.

Nicky rustled the bag. "I've gathered Nigel's gear together. You know we've . . ."

"Yes."

"But it's a bit complicated . . . can I come in?" She passed me, gracing the kitchen before I could say another word. "You see, I know this is his." She retrieved a crushed copy of *The Witch Hunters*, broken-spined. "And this, and this." A Throbbing Gristle CD and *Goodnight Sweetheart* video. "These socks, I think." They had 'Carlsberg' printed around each cuff. "But these" – a paperback of Whitley Strieber's *Communion* and a Sheryl Crow tape – "could be someone else's." She threw me a bashful look, finally producing a signed Tom Baker photo acquired during last year's book tour. "He'd want this."

"To Nigel and Nicky," it read, "Happy Times and Places."

7pm The 'phone's interruption was like coming up for air – until I remembered who it would be. This could prove awkward, I thought.

Nigel resumed, holding the Doctor under suspicion for removing, forever, the glamour pustule from his life. I, careful not to indicate the caller, turned to discover Nicky at my shoulder.

"Coffee?"

I shook and nodded my head in a manner that'd have had people crossing the road to avoid me, but she'd retreated.

"Who's that?" questioned Nigel.

"Pardon?"

"Who was that?"

Brainwave. "Chas."

"Chas?"

"Yes . . . and Peter Cushing . . ."

"Peter Cushing?"

"Chas has dropped round those widescreen Peter Cushings. High time I experienced his Dalek adventures as originally intended, eh?"

"Actually, could I speak to Chas . . . ?"

Brainwave now not so good.

Nicky, reappearing on the kitchen threshold clutching a mug, has the fortune to observe me, 'phone full stretch from body, howling Chas' name up the stairs. Barely containing her screaming delight, she erupted:

"Knew it! Chas is upstairs! You're just like me – you're having an affair!" I bury the receiver in my palm with speed and force. Although dumb with disbelief that she could possibly exhume any of herself in me, I sensed in that second, stronger than in any other over the last eight months, that this creature truly had lost her return ticket. She was mad – and, as such, would probably do very well for herself. I returned to the handset, and the escalating situation.

"He's in the toilet."

Nicky, craning her neck up the stairwell, squealed "*Is* he?", obviously impressed by my apparent lifestyle. She then spied Patrick approaching the door. With mock panic and suppressed glee, she offered to cover for me, greeting Patrick with a weighted "Surprise! Don't go in the bathroom."

Offering her a bemused acknowledgement, he enquired who was ringing.

"I think," interrupted Nicky, "it's Someone Cushing." Patrick kissed me audibly on the forehead – but read disaster in my expression. For, on contact, Nigel's tiny voice had tentatively crackled from the receiver:

"*Chas* . . . ?"

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to **Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ,** or e-mail us at **doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk** – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line. No general enquiries by e-mail, please. For subscriptions details, see page 33.

PHIL BEVAN

Prolific Doctor Who *artist Phil Bevan passed away suddenly at the beginning of April. Phil's striking, distinctive and imaginative illustrations have, over the years, hugely enlivened the pages of not only* **DWM** *but fanzines including* Shada, DWB, Queen Bat *and the CMS/*In Vision *series; he also illustrated the immensely popular Virgin* Missing Adventure The English Way of Death. *When we needed someone to interpret our fictitious account of an alternative history where* Doctor Who*'s Seasons Twenty-Seven and Twenty-Eight prospered under our designated new lead actor, Richard Griffiths [What if?, DWM 255], there was only one man to whom we could turn – Phil, and his clever and intricate painting was a major factor in that feature's success. Indeed, such was Phil's enthusiasm for the project that he supplied us with several paintings of our 'new' Eighth Doctor – we'd only asked for one! – and we're pleased to publish one of those unseen pictures here.*

We're sure that a great many of you will be saddened to hear of the loss of Phil's immense talent. **DWM** *offers its condolences to Phil's family and friends.*

Jeremy Bentham, publisher of In Vision, *writes:* "I knew Phil as a good friend and a (fairly) close neighbour, but he was known to the fan and pro worlds of *Doctor Who* as an artist with an amazingly unique style. Despite the amount of work and research involved he really enjoyed all the commissions he received from Marvel. They were labours of great pride for him, and although he must have driven his editors mad from a deadlines point of view, I know how much it mattered to him getting even the tiniest detail right. Equally I know how much he fretted whenever he sent material in, virtually holding his breath until the 'Man from Del Monte' said it was okay.

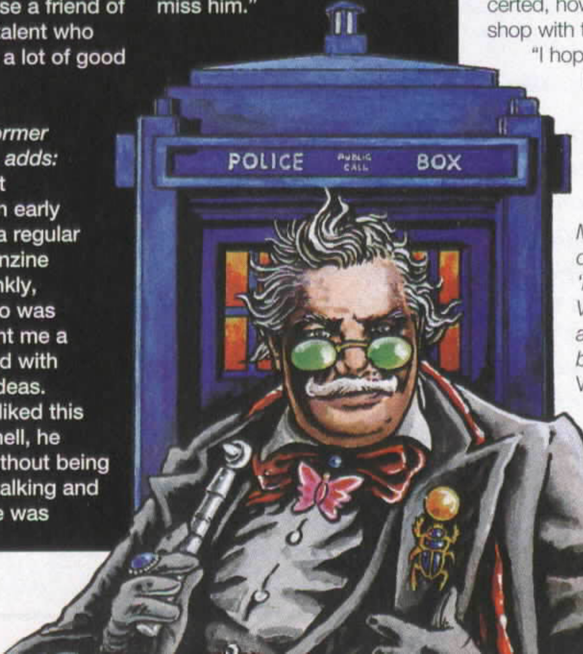
"His contributions, as you may know, began with Gary Russell's fanzine *Shada* back in the early eighties, and despite declining health, he was determined to have an input into *In Vision*'s recently-published *The Caves of Androzani*: the Davison story he admired so much, from the era when he first met so many of us.

"I know his loss still hasn't really sunk in yet, but I know it will. Phil was a unique character – a prolific reader, prop builder, teller of tall tales (some of them even true), raffish chaser of women, madcap adventurer, but above all else a friend of immeasurable talent who has left us with a lot of good memories."

Gary Russell, former editor of **DWM**, *adds:* "Phil Bevan first contacted me in early 1983 – he was a regular reader of my fanzine *Shada* and, frankly, thought the logo was rubbish and sent me a envelope stuffed with about 20 new ideas. Deciding that I liked this man instantly (hell, he worked hard without being asked) we got talking and he explained he was trying to be an artist. 'Send me something,' I said. 'Something to do with either the Guardians or *The King's Demons* to go alongside some Season Twenty reviews.' The resultant piece was magic. Phil's artwork was unique – there is no way words can describe the beauty of what he could do in black and white. After not terribly long at all, I introduced him to Jeremy Bentham, who promptly nabbed Phil's time for his *CMS* projects and gave him the greater exposure Phil deserved, as well as his chance to work in colour.

"Nearly ten years on, when I started working at Marvel as editor of this magazine, I immediately wondered which of my old fanzine cronies I could give an even better break to. Phil was top of that list, and thus when I started the *Preludes* to Virgin's *New Adventures* I asked him to do me regular illustrations for those. Always a perfectionist and, although frequently close to the bone, never missing a deadline, working with an old mate like Phil was simply good fun.

"I'm going to miss him."



SCHOFIELD'S TV GOLD. HE IS

Yes indeed, respect is due in large amounts to Sir Leslie of Schofield, the greatest of all those to assume the ambiguous role of 'character actor' since the art of mummery first ventured nervously onto the cathode ray tube [see **DWM**s *passim*]. Why is this, I hear you ask? Well, let me explain.

I sell TVs and videos from an electrical shop in Surbiton. I've seen a few famous celebs in my time, but none were more welcome than the great man himself, Leslie Schofield, who popped in to look at what we had in stock as regards cheap video recorders.

Of course, I recognised him straight away – who wouldn't? After all, he was Johnny Briggs' dad, as well as the Death Star officer who told Grand Moff Peter Cushing that the rebels were not fighting without a cause at the end of *Star Wars*. And, yes, he has been in just about anything you care to name. However, I said nothing apart from a well-rehearsed sales pitch that, without him even knowing it, gently parted him from a hundred pounds or so of his well-earned cash. Only when the money was in the till, the guarantee printed and the video lovingly cradled in his arms did I point out to him that, if I wasn't mistaken, hadn't he appeared half-naked in four episodes of *Doctor Who* 21 years back? And wasn't he the bastard in *Blake's 7: Space Fall* who tried it on with Jenna and then copped it falling into space? And, of course, wasn't he Johnny Briggs' dad, I ventured to say – at which point I expected him to run from the shop cursing that he had chanced upon a sci-fi fan who knew his every move. This was why I had waited until I had his money where it belonged before unleashing the dogs of recognition on him.

However, rather than fleeing from these snarling Rottweilers he welcomed them, obliging me with tales and anecdotes of said productions. I listened in awe as he remarked how glad he was to have been a part of them. He told me he loved *Blake's 7* and *Doctor Who*, and that working on *Star Wars* wasn't nearly as much fun as he had had with Louise Jameson and the extras trying on their costumes from *The Face of Evil* (yes, he even remembered the story titles!).

To finish with, he told me that he was in *EastEnders* from the next day and would be appearing in it for at least six months. I assumed this was why he wanted the video, to record his debut as the randy Rev's dad. I was a bit disconcerted, however, when, as he was leaving the shop with the recorder under his arm, he shouted, "I hope I don't see you again!"

I suppose he meant he hoped the machine wasn't going to break down as soon as he plugged it in, right?

Paul Laville
Chessington, Surrey

Mark out of my old Local Group was once called round to repair John 'Morgus'/'Trevor Sigma' Normington's VCR. No, really. And perhaps if there are any other **DWM** *readers who have been called upon to provide* Doctor Who *guest stars with electrical hardware services and/or after-sales support, maybe they'd like to share their reminiscences with the rest of us?*

On second thoughts, don't bother.

ERRATA 1

I wonder if I might be allowed to correct some mistakes that crept into three articles in **DWM** 264?

Firstly, as regards *Outside the Spaceship*, I can assure you that Tristram Cary is not writing music for the Australian children's television series *Bananas in Pyjamas*. Neither, for that matter, is Carey 'composer, author and nonsense poet' Blyton (with whom you have Tristram confused!), but it is one of Carey's songs that was picked up as the theme and inspiration for the series.

Secondly, it is most unusual for Andrew Pixley to get some facts wrong, but I must comment on his *Claws of Axos* archive feature. It is true that the incidental music was composed by Dudley Simpson and realised by Dudley with Brian Hodgson at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. But Brian did not leave the Radiophonic Workshop to form EMS.

Electronic Music Studios (London) Ltd had been going since 1969, having been formed by Peter Zinovieff, David Cockerell and Tristram Cary. They were responsible for innovative and influential synthesiser designs such as the VCS3, which was used extensively on the *Claws of Axos* score. Brian was closely involved with EMS, it is true, but left the Radiophonic Workshop in 1972 (after having completed work on *Carnival of Monsters*), to form his own setup, Electrophon. Among Electrophon's releases were *Further Thoughts on the Classics* (1975 – arranged by Dudley Simpson) which later provided stock cues for *The Robots of Death*.

I have actually spent a large proportion of the past year researching the history of the Radiophonic Workshop (now all but defunct at the BBC) and consolidating the remaining library. This included cataloguing 246 reels of *Doctor Who* sound effects, which leads me to my third point. In his review of the BBC Video release of *The Mind of Evil*, Dave Owen comments that the photo-montage introducing the restored colour footage is accompanied by "a new score in perfect keeping with Dudley Simpson's oscillators of doom". Wrong! Whilst it is a new soundtrack, it was constructed from the original sound effects created by Brian Hodgson. I digitally remastered and restored the effects, then I and the 'Restoration Team' built the soundtrack from those elements.

There is much fascinating information and history concerned with the music and effects on *Doctor Who*, and in the wider history of electronic music and sound. I hope that the full story may one day be told!

Mark Ayres
via e-mail

Tape-twiddling in the BBC Radiophonic Workshop circa 1963

ERRATA 2

Whilst reading Andrew Pixley's usual excellent archive on *The Seeds of Doom* [**DWM** 263], I was interested to read that "one actor hired by Camfield was injured in a car crash and his part hurriedly recast". This is at odds with a letter I received from Michael McStay, who of course played Derek Moberley, at the start of 1997. In the letter he states that: "following the recording in the studio I was involved in a bad smash in my car and finished up in hospital with facial injuries and a suspected fractured skull (which happily was unfounded!).

"Unusually, the location filming followed the studio work, so I lay in a hospital bed with first the director's wife bringing me all the things I would need such as face flannel, toothpaste and brush, etc, and then a distraught director (who was a dear friend) hovering over me asking 'Will you be alright for the filming?'. No thought of would I live or die, but could I do the filming first?

"Fortunately, I was called upon to wear a beard for the role so that concealed all the facial injuries. However, if any of the dialogue in the opening sequence filmed in the 'frozen wastes' of the Surrey chalk pits is incomprehensible through the 'blizzard' it is because I couldn't move my jaw! The only souvenir I have of this incident is the deep line across the bridge of my nose."

I don't know if this is the incident that Mr Pixley is referring to, but it would be either coincidence or very bad luck to have two such car crashes in such a short space of time!

Andrew Green
via e-mail

• STOP PRESS •

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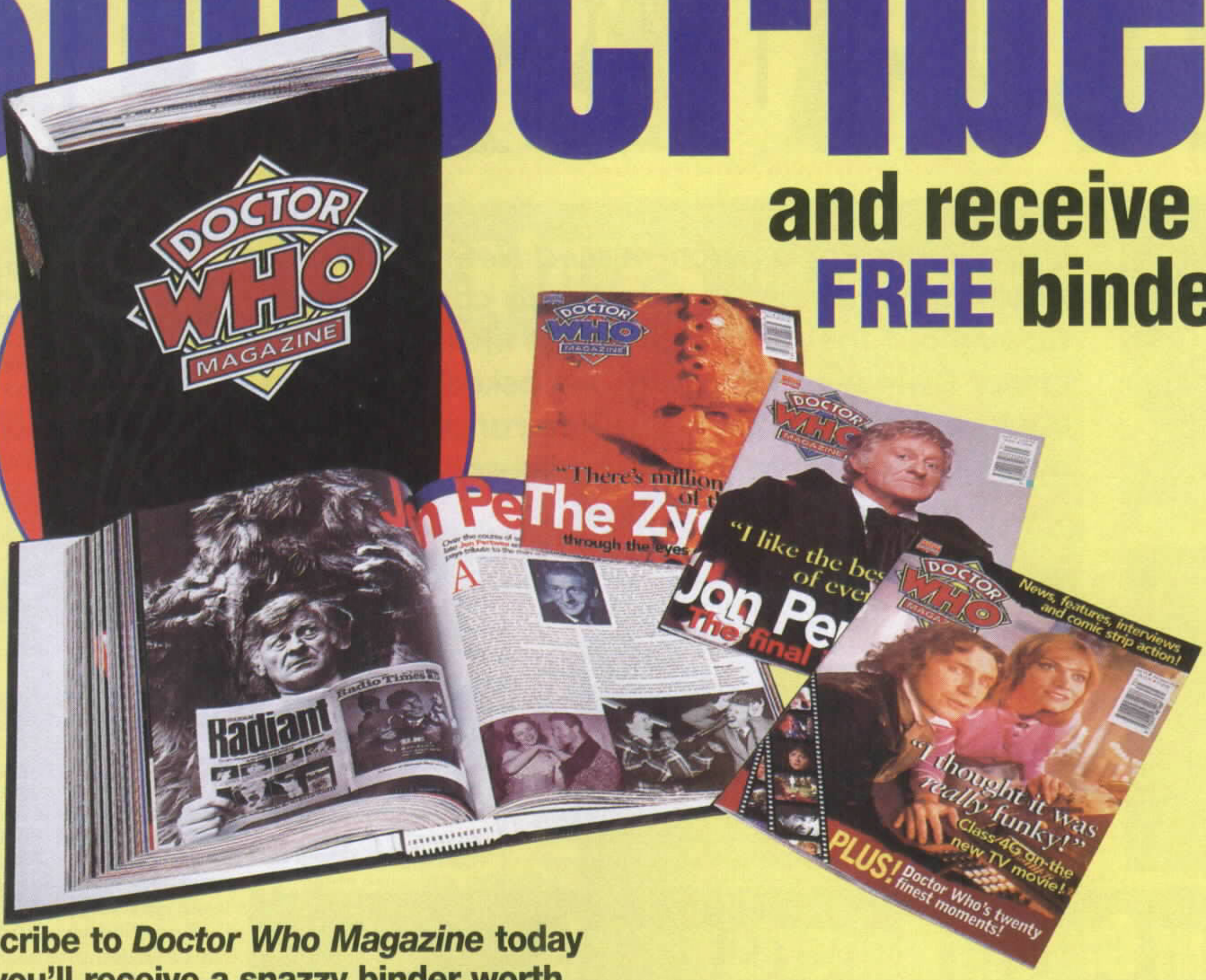
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"There's million of th
The Zy
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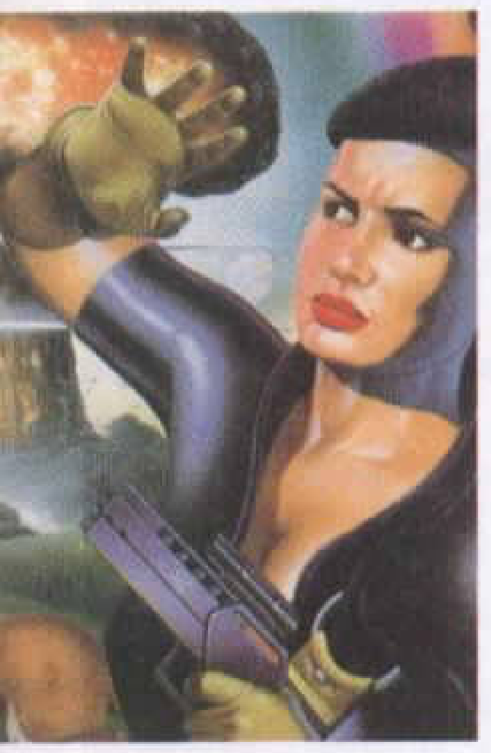
The best (and worst) of Virgin

Virgin Publishing's much-missed *New* and *Missing Adventures* novels were endlessly controversial throughout their – ahem – shelf life. As in the larger DWM Awards survey, we asked you to rate each and every book in the two ranges out of ten; over the next three pages, books columnist Dave Owen presents the results . . .

Few events can make a **DWM** literary reviewer feel more paranoid than a readers' survey. As someone who is too timid to even hint, via a row of asterisks, at the absolute merit of a book, it is daunting to learn that there are over a thousand of you ready to assign values to nearly a hundred books in one fell swoop. It was therefore a considerable relief when I took my first look at the spreadsheet of destiny and saw that your views didn't always differ *too* much from *Shelf Life*'s.

Four Gareth Roberts novels stand uninterrupted at the top of the the MA poll

A trend that dominates both the *New* and *Missing Adventures* results is that more of you felt qualified to offer opinions on the earlier books than the later ones. Did the books decline in readership as they progressed? Or perhaps two novels a month is too much for anyone seeking to slot in a sly John Grisham or a self-indulgent Terry Pratchett every now and then, and the later books are languishing unread on your shelves? The decline is especially evident for the *Missing Adventures*; although a hearty 1405 of you expressed an opinion on the first, *Goth Opera*, this had declined by 49% to 710 by the time of *Burning Heart* (although a few popular authors eventually bring the series' finale to a more respectable 945).



The trends are starker for the *New Adventures*. A hefty 1580 had read *Timewyrm: Exodus*, but by the time of *Eternity Weeps* and, significantly, *So Vile A Sin*, only 700 of them were left, a drop of 56%. This supports our bought-but-unread hypothesis neatly.

So who are your favourite writers? Among the *Missing Adventures* creators, David A McIntee and Justin Richards placed well, both far outdoing their showings for the *New Adventures*; prolific *MA* scribe Christopher Bulis dominates the middle ground. Little analysis is required to show that I was right to introduce Gareth Roberts as "the King of the *Missing Adventures*" at 1996's **DWM** Christmas Party. His four contributions to the range stand uninterrupted at the top of the poll. The fact that three of them feature the same Doctor and companion prompted us to total the number of points you gave to books featuring each of the six *Missing Adventure* Doctors, to see if any was markedly more or less popular in general. This *does* mean that those Doctors featuring in more books would stand to gain more points but nevertheless, here goes: the Fourth Doctor won by a nose; there was a near-photo finish for second place between the Fifth, the First and the Sixth respectively; and a disappointing showing at number five for the Second Doctor. Therefore, coming in last, The Man In The Velvet Jacket proved to be almost as uncelebrated as *The Man In The Velvet Mask*.

It's less clear-cut for the *New Adventures*. Lance Parkin takes second and third place behind Paul Cornell, just as he is outshone only by Gareth Roberts' *MA* dominance, making him clearly your second favourite author in both ranges – or, more charitably, your preferred all-rounder. Winner Paul Cornell's work proves inconsistently popular, his votes being spread evenly across the top half of the chart, and although his *Timewyrm* mentor Terrance Dicks has incurred some degree of mockery in the pages of *Shelf Life* of late, his first two *New Adventures* are still in your top ten. Andy Lane does well, too, with his two solo *New Adventures* placing highly.

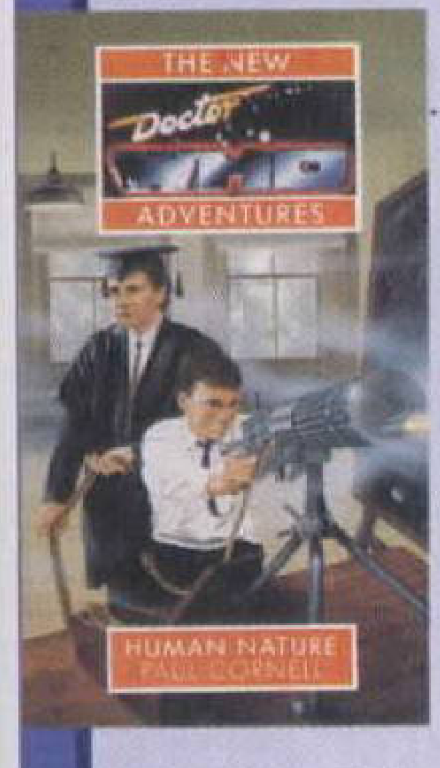
But this isn't the Oscars. We British apparently believe success to be over-rated, and prefer to celebrate the achievements of Eddie 'the Eagle' Edwards and the plucky Eurovision songsmiths of 'nul points' Norway. Whose failings can we clutch to our irrational bosoms? Daniel Blythe may be an unstoppable author of bleak Penguin contemporary fiction these days, but his *New Adventures*, placed 46th and 51st respectively, just didn't cut the mustard. Lawrence Miles may well have written the most remarkable Eighth Doctor BBC Book, but his debut, *Christmas on a Rational Planet*, appears to have garnered few honours. Like him, Simon Bucher-Jones has prospered in another range, the Summerfield-led *New Adventures*. And Virgin's original editor Peter Darvill-Evans may have boasted that he had followed the same guidelines as his flock when penning *Deceit* – but with few exceptions, they did so more successfully.

And what of the *Missing Adventures* that you wish had remained undiscovered? The bottom of the barrel is conspicuous by the absence of robot dogs and aristocratic Time Ladies, yielding *The Menagerie*, Martin Day's unloved solo project, and a clutch of novels which rudely

The New Adventures

Note: First column of figures indicates the number of respondents expressing an opinion. Second column is average mark expressed as a percentage.

Top New Adventure



Human Nature by Paul Cornell

About a year before a semi-human Eighth Doctor was polarising fans' opinions by less-than-chastely kissing Grace Holloway, an entirely human Seventh was experiencing the entire gamut of human weakness by having temporarily had himself adjusted to be one of us. *Human Nature*, voted the most popular *New Adventure*, typifies the range's dissimilarity to the television show. Years later, the plot details and large supporting cast are hard to recall, but the central image – Dr John Smith, a 1914 history teacher, with no memory of having once been a Time Lord, allows himself to fall in love with his colleague, Joan – lingers on.

As well as foreshadowing both the TV movie's avoidance of monsters and dalliance with romance, *Human Nature* also signposts a more independent Bernice Summerfield. Paul Cornell's creation here has to keep an eye on the Doctor, and protect him from developments he is no longer equipped to deal with. At the outset, she is traumatised by the death of her lover in the preceding book, *Sanctuary*; she and the Doctor both realise that they are damaged, and in need of therapy. In common with the best of the author's other *Doctor Who* work, *Human Nature* uses science at the level of magic to put characters the reader already knows and cares about in situations where in order to succeed, they must learn more about themselves.

1	Human Nature	1110	85.00%
2	Just War	950	84.79%
3	The Dying Days	865	82.89%
4	Nightshade	1460	80.27%
5	Lungbarrow	955	79.48%
6	Timewyrm: Exodus	1580	79.18%
7	Blood Harvest	1325	77.62%
8	All-Consuming Fire	1165	76.61%
9	Blood Heat	1400	73.79%
10	The Also People	895	73.58%
11	Original Sin	930	73.39%
12	Return of the Living Dad	805	73.29%
13	Damaged Goods	780	72.95%
14	The Room With No Doors	745	72.82%
15	Birthright	1170	72.56%
16	No Future	1195	72.18%
17	Conundrum	1165	71.93%
18	Bad Therapy	785	71.66%
19	So Vile a Sin	700	71.21%
20	Legacy	1205	71.08%
21	Happy Endings	890	70.90%
22	Shakedown	1000	70.55%
23	Love and War	1395	70.10%
24	The Highest Science	1240	70.00%
25	The Left-Handed Hummingbird	1250	69.96%
26	Set Piece	1030	69.95%
27	Sanctuary	875	68.80%
28	Theatre of War	1060	68.49%
29	Head Games	925	68.49%
30	First Frontier	1035	68.26%
31	Timewyrm: Revelation	1510	68.21%
32	Iceberg	1325	67.92%
33	Warlock	945	67.67%
34	White Darkness	1150	67.57%
35	Eternity Weeps	700	66.93%
36	Tragedy Day	1060	66.89%
37	Toy Soldiers	855	66.32%
38	Warchild	740	66.08%
39	Death and Diplomacy	710	64.86%
40	Zamper	900	64.33%
41	Sleepy	790	63.99%
42	Godengine	730	63.08%
43	Lucifer Rising	1205	62.74%
44	Cat's Cradle: Warhead	1275	61.57%
45	Cat's Cradle: Witch Mark	1340	61.53%
46	The Dimension Riders	1140	60.66%
47	St Anthony's Fire	985	58.53%
48	Timewyrm: Genesys	1535	58.31%
49	Strange England	1015	58.28%
50	Cat's Cradle: Time's Crucible	1370	57.23%
51	Infinite Requiem	855	57.08%
52	Timewyrm: Apocalypse	1475	56.51%
53	Falls the Shadow	960	56.25%
54	Christmas on a Rational Planet	745	55.70%
55	Deceit	1185	54.81%
56	Shadowmind	985	53.60%
57	The Death of Art	695	52.37%
58	Sky Pirates!	875	51.94%
59	Parasite	895	49.61%
60	The Pit	1095	47.24%
61	Transit	1215	45.57%

Bottom New Adventure

Transit by Ben Aaronovitch

THE NEW
Doctor
ADVENTURES
TRANSIT
BEN AARONOVITCH

Much of *Transit*'s unpopularity can be attributed to its positioning in the range. Readers hoping for more of Ben Aaronovitch's televised bangs-and-preaching searched in vain for recognisable *Doctor Who* herein. Instead, they found an SF story told in an SF style, replete with dystopian future slang, a barely-present Doctor and a wholly absent Ace. Instead, there is a new companion – Bernice – whose principal actions are to be brainwashed and then disappear. There's a sort of hyperspace London Underground to Pluto (I think), and the Brigadier's descendant (sort of, perhaps), and lots of clues to be followed up in later Aaronovitch and Kate Orman books (probably). Let's be honest, I have no real idea what *Transit* is about – and suspect that few of you do, either.

The Missing Adventures

Top Missing Adventure

DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE ENGLISH WAY OF DEATH
GARETH ROBERTS

The English Way of Death
by Gareth Roberts

I suppose I must have read *The English Way of Death*, but I have an overwhelming impression that I actually *watched* it. I can certainly visualise Tom Baker and Lalla Ward performing Gareth Roberts' script, and thanks to the illustrations in what feels like it must have been the novelisation, can even picture some of the guest cast. But, no, checking a Season Seventeen guide, I see that the story was never broadcast.

Those shown were extremely similar, which may account for my confusion. Gareth had already come close to perfection with *The Romance of Crime*, by playing the same 4-2-9 formation (that's Doctor Four, Romana Two, and K9, pundits) in a fun away game in space. But by putting them in the southern England of 1930, Gareth ensured that Graham Williams-period norms could flourish: the Doctor passionately seeking out crumpets or pots of tea; Romana icily dismissing frustrated male bureaucrats; and K9 evoking the wonder of the eccentric elderly.

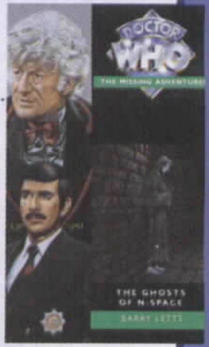
The fun of Gareth's work is not just his perfect assimilation of *Doctor Who*'s production and performance, but his clear love of the children's books it inspired in the seventies. Like Terrance Dicks and Malcolm Hulke in the Target range at their best, he gives what would be walk-on or decorative parts on TV full histories and points of view – here switching between them during conversations to great effect.

Give it a few more years' degenerative amnesia and I'll be looking for this on my video shelf . . .

1	The English Way of Death	1090	83.85%
2	The Romance of Crime	1265	79.37%
3	The Plotters	990	78.74%
4	The Well-Mannered War	945	77.88%
5	Cold Fusion	845	76.69%
6	The Sands of Time	850	76.41%
7	Goth Opera	1405	73.70%
8	Millennial Rites	1065	73.62%
9	The Dark Path	820	72.68%
10	Killing Ground	905	72.38%
11	The Scales of Injustice	960	72.29%
12	The Shadow of Weng-Chiang	1000	71.20%
13	System Shock	955	70.31%
--	Who Killed Kennedy	925	69.95%
14	Downtime	990	69.80%
15	The Sorcerer's Apprentice	930	66.94%
16	A Device of Death	770	66.88%
17	The Empire of Glass	840	66.49%
18	The Eye of the Giant	865	65.84%
19	Lords of the Storm	945	65.40%
20	Venusian Lullaby	1060	65.09%
21	The Crystal Bucephalus	1075	63.49%
22	Time of Your Life	920	63.15%
23	State of Change	920	62.66%
24	Managra	895	62.57%
25	Dancing the Code	1000	62.20%
26	Evolution	1105	61.40%
27	Twilight of the Gods	840	59.11%
28	Burning Heart	710	58.94%
29	Invasion of the Cat-People	975	58.15%
30	Speed of Flight	750	57.80%
31	The Man in the Velvet Mask	795	55.97%
32	The Menagerie	1130	55.88%
33	The Ghosts of N-Space	875	52.46%

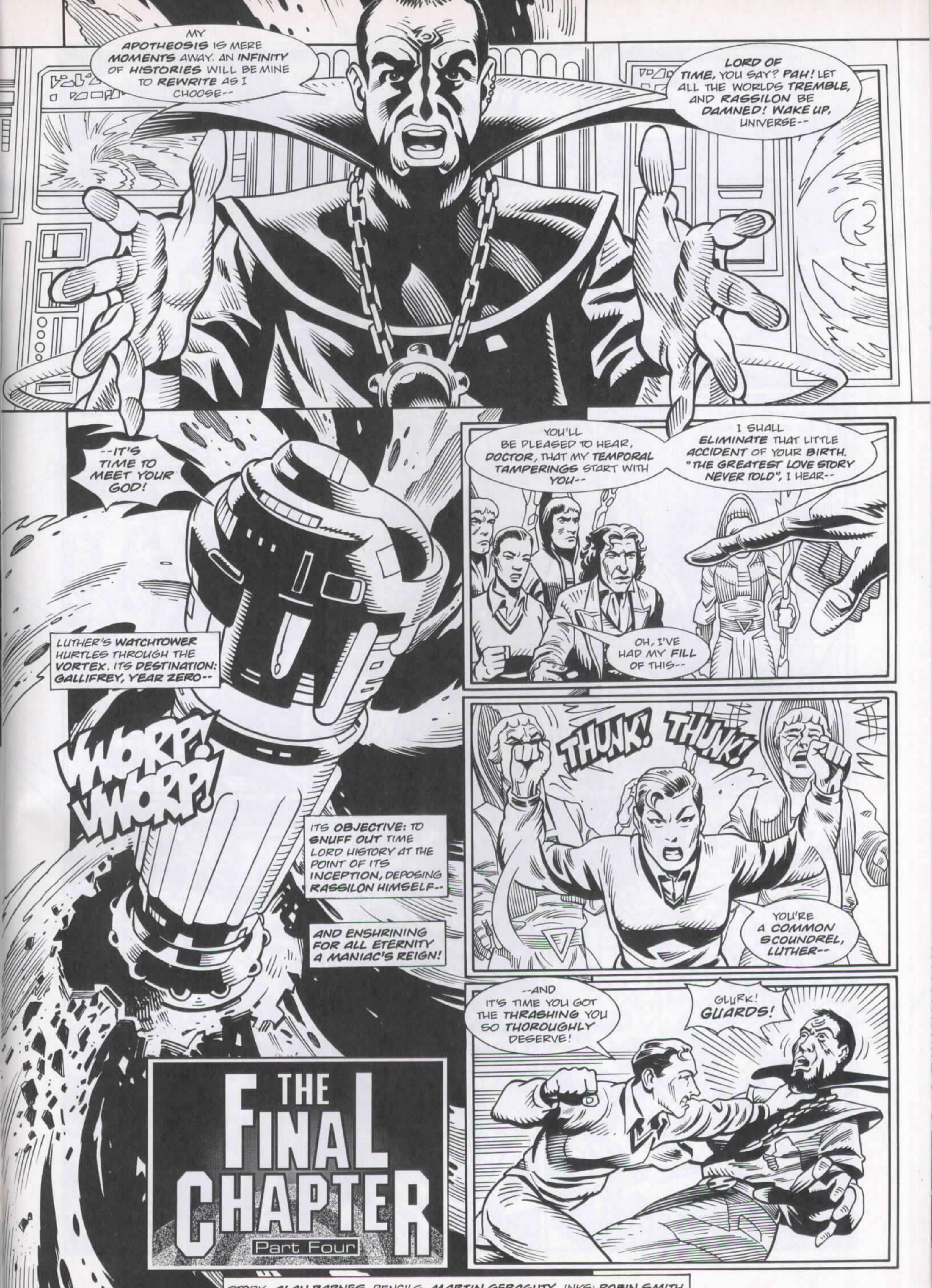
Bottom Missing Adventure

The Ghosts of N-Space
by Barry Letts



Introducing a distant relative of the Brigadier is, it seems, a recipe for disaster. Kadiatu's debut comes in last-placed *New Adventure Transit*, and Sicilian Uncle Mario appears in this trailing *MA*. Perhaps the role of the *MAs* is to be as much like their television settings as possible; *The Ghosts of N-Space* is not. As he did when producing the programme, Barry Letts instead attempts to evolve the formula and stretch the story to the limits of the medium. So instead of the familiar comforts of UNIT HQ's filing cabinets, and the Brigadier barking clipped instructions down a trimphone to Yates or Benton, he tells a story set both in Sicily and a netherworld where lost souls hover eternally, bringing *Doctor Who* more uncomfortably close to theology than ever before. Straddling two media awkwardly, this is neither a satisfactory novel nor radio serial.

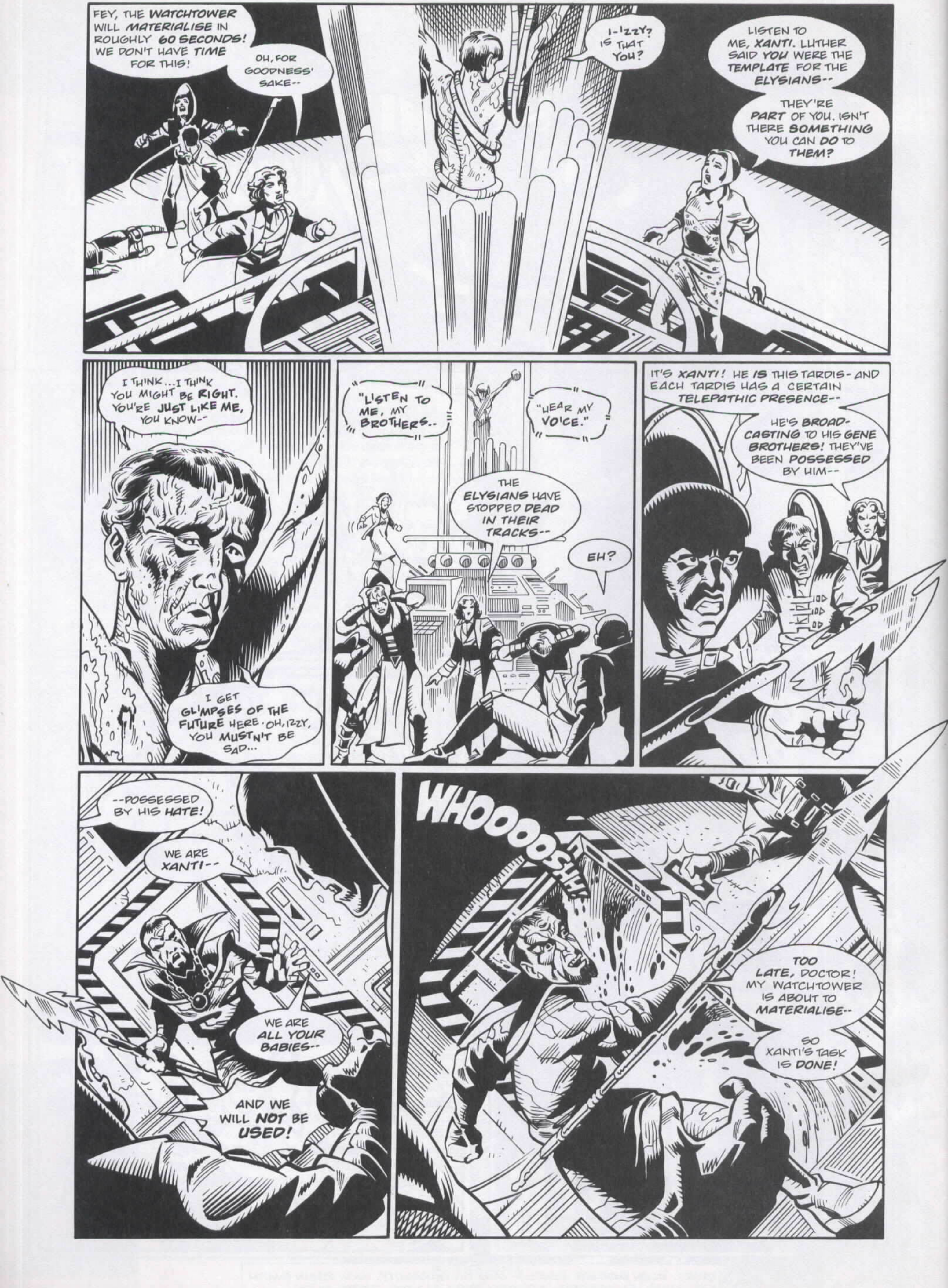
abuse the companions we grew up with and loved. Both *Managra* and *Evolution* force Sarah Jane into revealing costumes she would never have worn on television, and *Burning Heart* will indeed cause acute angina in elderly male readers envisioning Peri in a clinging leather suit. In *Speed of Flight*, Paul Leonard turns Mike Yates and Jo into animated clay, but rather less engagingly so than Nick Park did with Wallace and Gromit. However, only Daniel O'Mahony could inflict the personal indignity (unmentionable in these pages) on Dodo he does in the third-to-last-placed *The Man In The Velvet Mask*. His *Falls The Shadow*, languishing in the bottom sixth of the *New Adventures*, cements his place as the anti-Lance Parkin. Both writers are worthy of celebration for their obvious love of *Doctor Who* and bold approaches. But *you* voted, so it was Paul Cornell and Gareth Roberts who picked up the awards a few Saturdays ago. Neither are currently producing full-length *Doctor Who* fiction, however – so the name to watch in the next few years can only be that of Lance Parkin. DWM

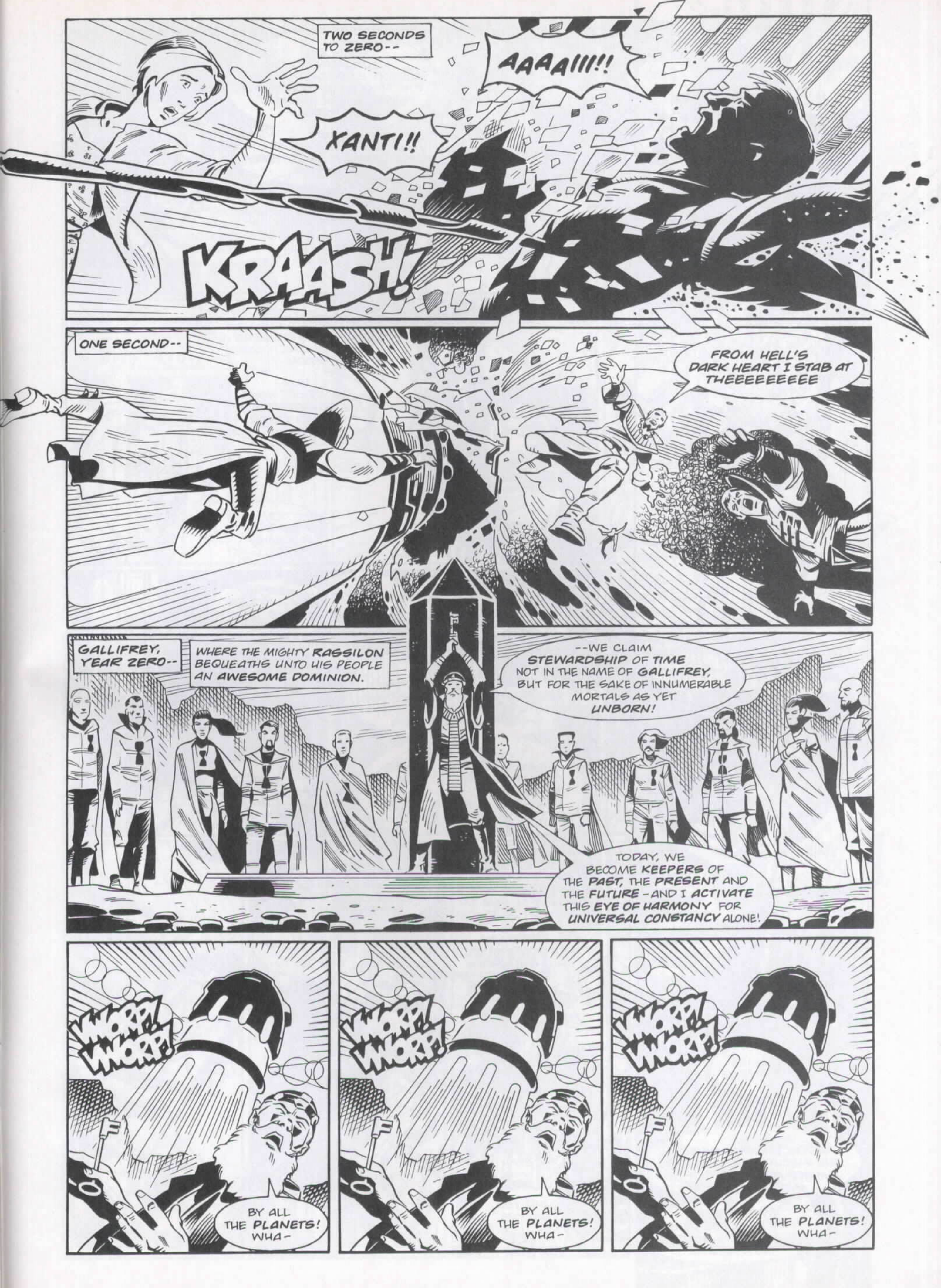

MY APOTHEOSIS IS MERE MOMENTS AWAY. AN INFINITY OF HISTORIES WILL BE MINE TO REWRITE AS I CHOOSE--
LORD OF TIME, YOU SAY? PAH! LET ALL THE WORLDS TREMBLE, AND RASSILON BE DAMNED! WAKE UP, UNIVERSE--
--IT'S TIME TO MEET YOUR GOD!
LUTHER'S WATCHTOWER HURTLES THROUGH THE VORTEX. ITS DESTINATION: GALLIFREY, YEAR ZERO--
VWORP! VWORP!
ITS OBJECTIVE: TO SNUFF OUT TIME LORD HISTORY AT THE POINT OF ITS INCEPTION, DEPOSING RASSILON HIMSELF--
AND ENSHRINING FOR ALL ETERNITY A MANIAC'S REIGN!
YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR, DOCTOR, THAT MY TEMPORAL TAMPERINGS START WITH YOU--
I SHALL ELIMINATE THAT LITTLE ACCIDENT OF YOUR BIRTH. "THE GREATEST LOVE STORY NEVER TOLD", I HEAR--
OH, I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THIS--
THUNK! THUNK!
YOU'RE A COMMON SCOUNDREL, LUTHER--
--AND IT'S TIME YOU GOT THE THRASHING YOU SO THOROUGHLY DESERVE!
GLURK! GUARDS!

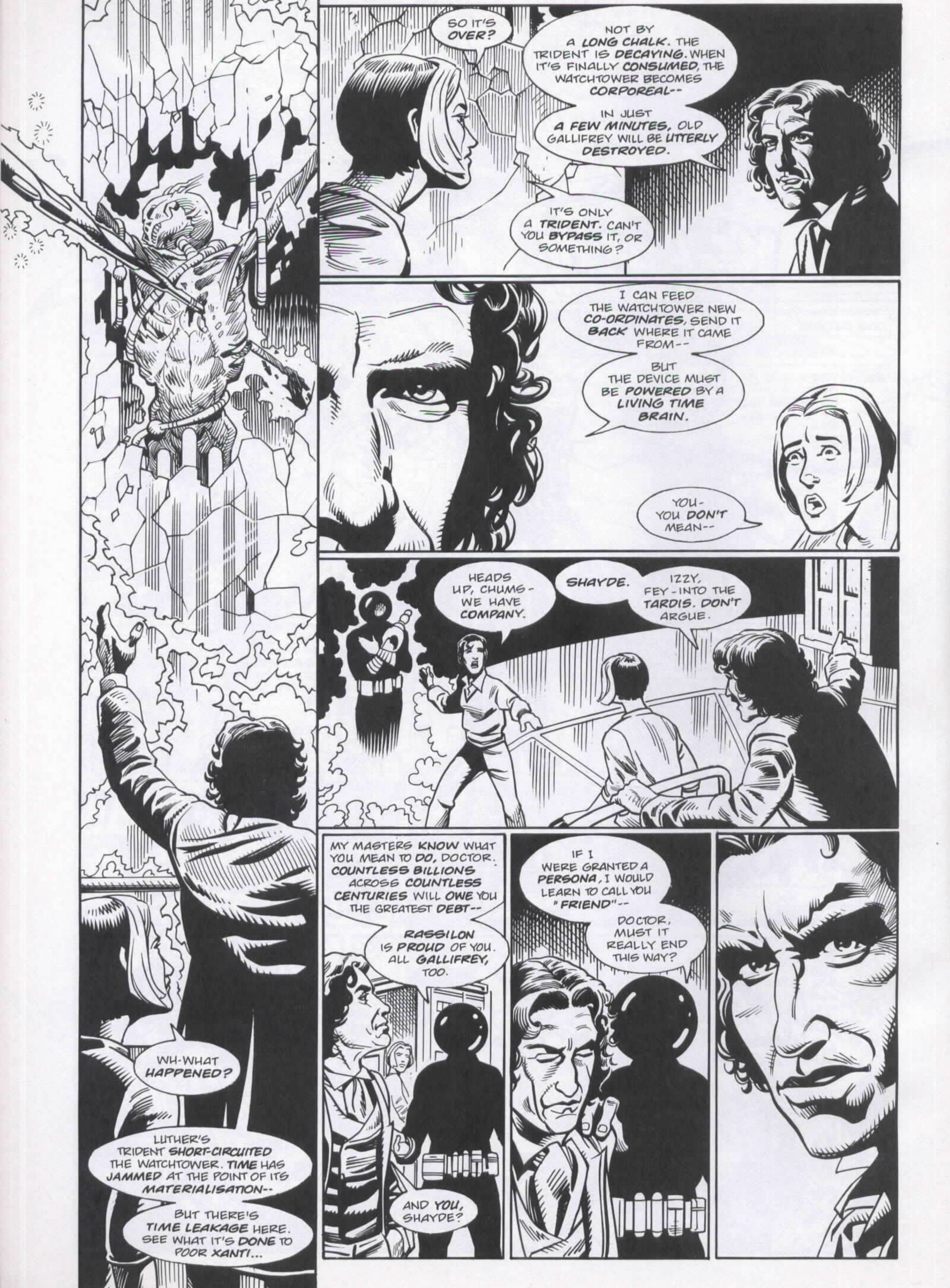
THE FINAL CHAPTER

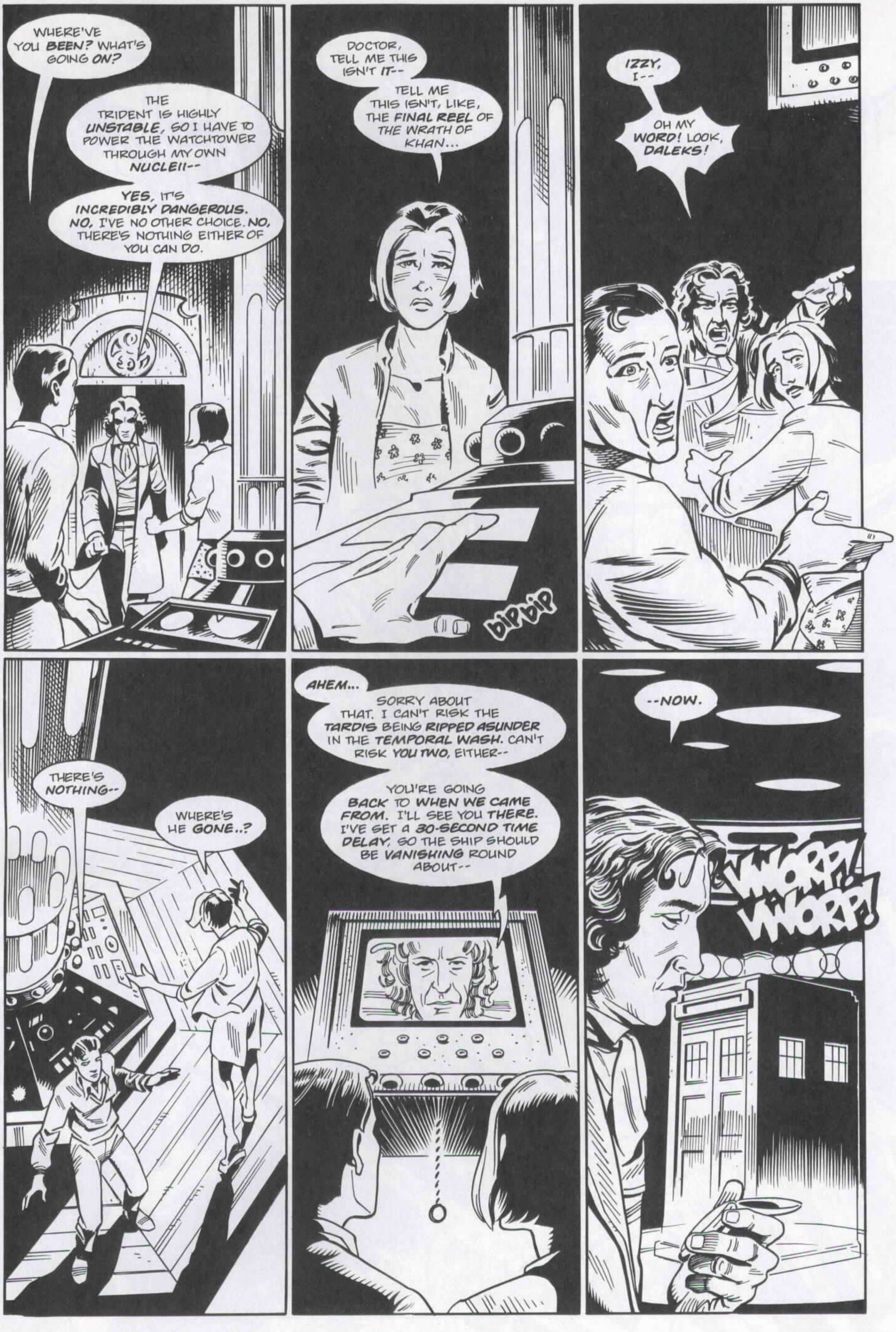
Part Four

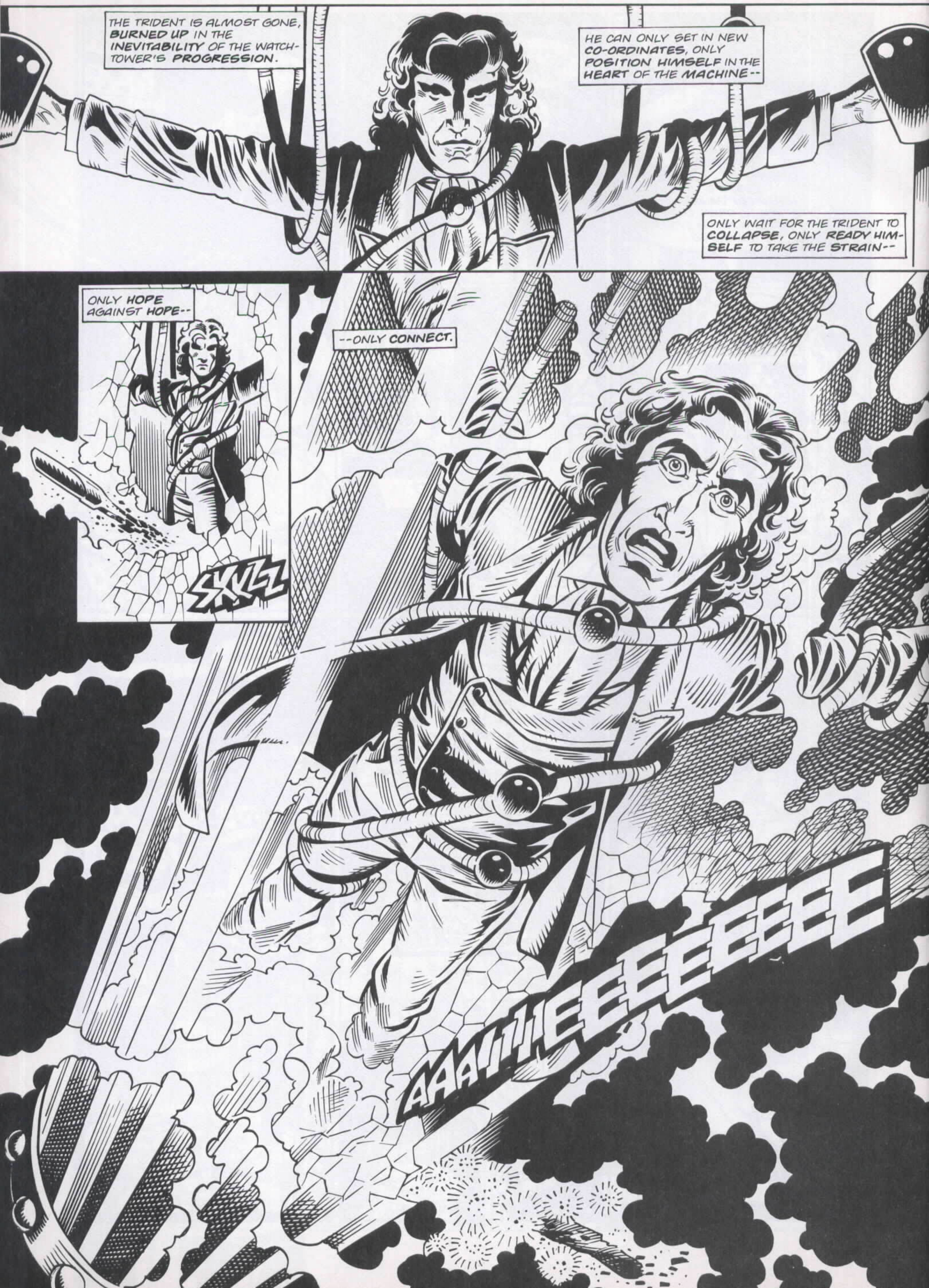
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

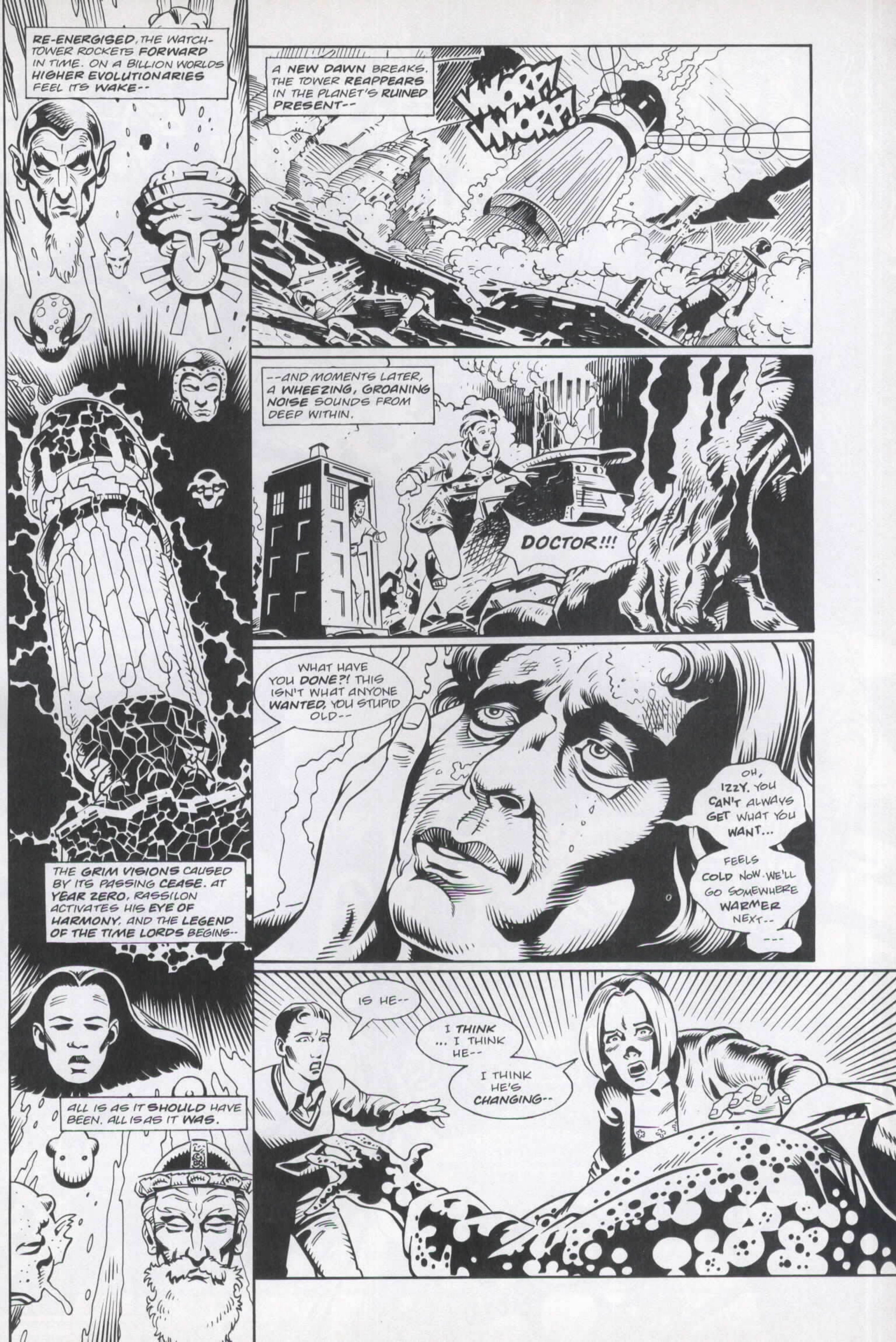

FEY, THE WATCHTOWER WILL MATERIALISE IN ROUGHLY 60 SECONDS! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE--
I-IZZY? IS THAT YOU?
LISTEN TO ME, XANTI. LUTHER SAID YOU WERE THE TEMPLATE FOR THE ELYSIANS--
THEY'RE PART OF YOU. ISN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO THEM?
I THINK... I THINK YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT. YOU'RE JUST LIKE ME, YOU KNOW--
I GET GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE HERE. OH, IZZY, YOU MUSTN'T BE SAD...
"LISTEN TO ME, MY BROTHERS.."
"HEAR MY VOICE."
THE ELYSIANS HAVE STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS--
EH?
IT'S XANTI! HE IS THIS TARDIS- AND EACH TARDIS HAS A CERTAIN TELEPATHIC PRESENCE--
HE'S BROADCASTING TO HIS GENE BROTHERS! THEY'VE BEEN POSSESSED BY HIM--
--POSSESSED BY HIS HATE!
WE ARE XANTI--
WE ARE ALL YOUR BABIES--
AND WE WILL NOT BE USED!
WHOOOOOSHH!
TOO LATE, DOCTOR! MY WATCHTOWER IS ABOUT TO MATERIALISE--
SO XANTI'S TASK IS DONE!


TWO SECONDS TO ZERO--
AAAAIII!!
XANTI!!
KRAASH!
ONE SECOND--
FROM HELL'S DARK HEART I STAB AT THEEEEEEEE
GALLIFREY, YEAR ZERO--
WHERE THE MIGHTY RASSILON BEQUEATHS UNTO HIS PEOPLE AN AWESOME DOMINION.
--WE CLAIM STEWARDSHIP OF TIME NOT IN THE NAME OF GALLIFREY, BUT FOR THE SAKE OF INNUMERABLE MORTALS AS YET UNBORN!
TODAY, WE BECOME KEEPERS OF THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE - AND I ACTIVATE THIS EYE OF HARMONY FOR UNIVERSAL CONSTANCY ALONE!
WHORP! WHORP!
BY ALL THE PLANETS! WHA-
WHORP! WHORP!
BY ALL THE PLANETS! WHA-
WHORP! WHORP!
BY ALL THE PLANETS! WHA-

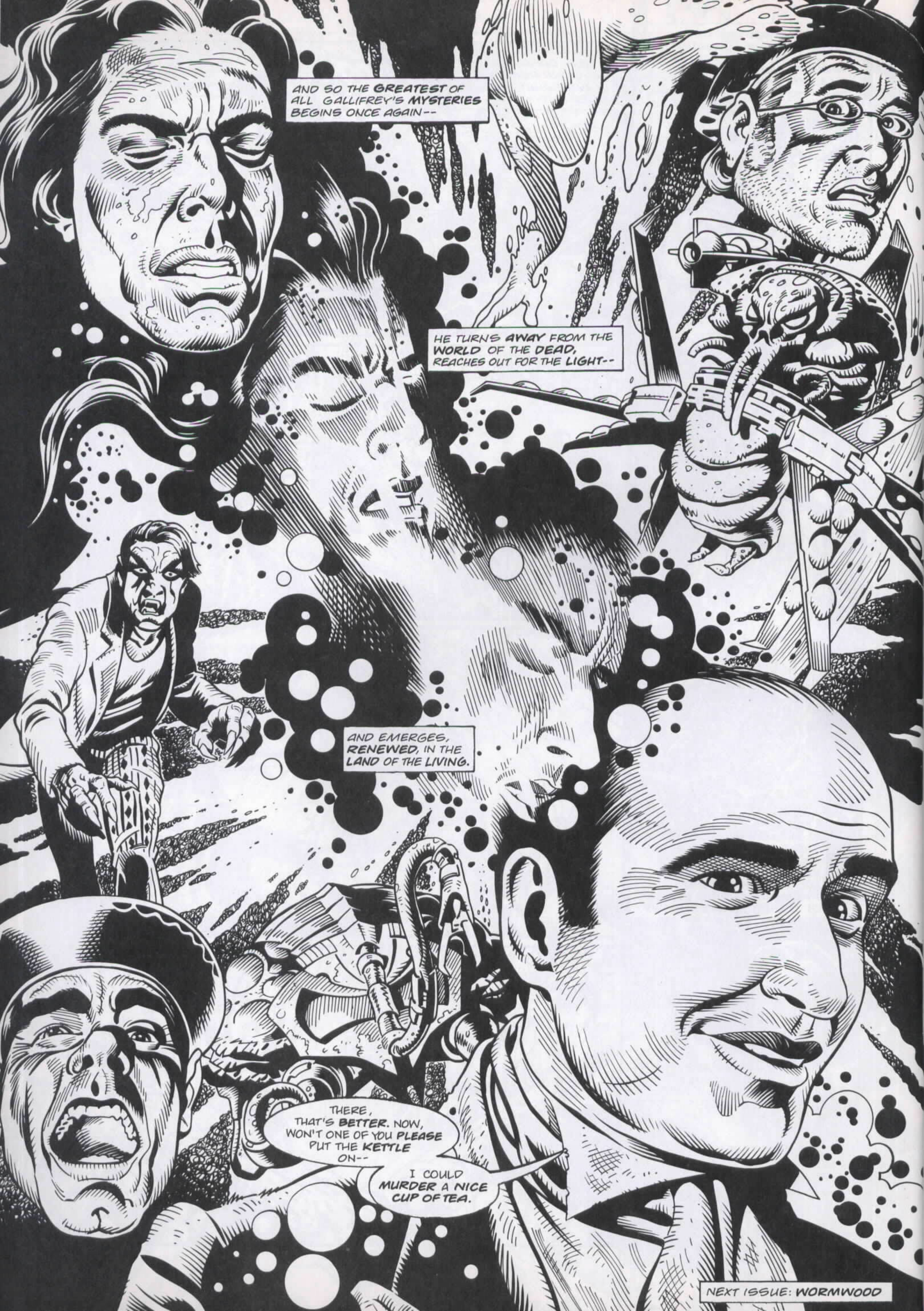

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
LUTHER'S TRIDENT SHORT-CIRCUITED THE WATCHTOWER. TIME HAS JAMMED AT THE POINT OF ITS MATERIALISATION--
BUT THERE'S TIME LEAKAGE HERE. SEE WHAT IT'S DONE TO POOR XANTI...
SO IT'S OVER?
NOT BY A LONG CHALK. THE TRIDENT IS DECAYING. WHEN IT'S FINALLY CONSUMED, THE WATCHTOWER BECOMES CORPOREAL--
IN JUST A FEW MINUTES, OLD GALLIFREY WILL BE UTTERLY DESTROYED.
IT'S ONLY A TRIDENT. CAN'T YOU BYPASS IT, OR SOMETHING?
I CAN FEED THE WATCHTOWER NEW CO-ORDINATES, SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM--
BUT THE DEVICE MUST BE POWERED BY A LIVING TIME BRAIN.
YOU- YOU DON'T MEAN--
HEADS UP, CHUMS- WE HAVE COMPANY.
SHAYDE.
IZZY, FEY- INTO THE TARDIS. DON'T ARGUE.
MY MASTERS KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO DO, DOCTOR. COUNTLESS BILLIONS ACROSS COUNTLESS CENTURIES WILL OWE YOU THE GREATEST DEBT--
RASSILON IS PROUD OF YOU. ALL GALLIFREY, TOO.
AND YOU, SHAYDE?
IF I WERE GRANTED A PERSONA, I WOULD LEARN TO CALL YOU "FRIEND"--
DOCTOR, MUST IT REALLY END THIS WAY?


WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE TRIDENT IS HIGHLY UNSTABLE, SO I HAVE TO POWER THE WATCHTOWER THROUGH MY OWN NUCLEII--
YES, IT'S INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS. NO, I'VE NO OTHER CHOICE. NO, THERE'S NOTHING EITHER OF YOU CAN DO.
DOCTOR, TELL ME THIS ISN'T IT--
TELL ME THIS ISN'T, LIKE, THE FINAL REEL OF THE WRATH OF KHAN...
bip bip
IZZY, I--
OH MY WORD! LOOK, DALEKS!
THERE'S NOTHING--
WHERE'S HE GONE..?
AHEM... SORRY ABOUT THAT. I CAN'T RISK THE TARDIS BEING RIPPED ASUNDER IN THE TEMPORAL WASH. CAN'T RISK YOU TWO, EITHER--
YOU'RE GOING BACK TO WHEN WE CAME FROM. I'LL SEE YOU THERE. I'VE SET A 30-SECOND TIME DELAY, SO THE SHIP SHOULD BE VANISHING ROUND ABOUT--
--NOW.
VWORP! VWORP!


THE TRIDENT IS ALMOST GONE, BURNED UP IN THE INEVITABILITY OF THE WATCHTOWER'S PROGRESSION.
HE CAN ONLY SET IN NEW CO-ORDINATES, ONLY POSITION HIMSELF IN THE HEART OF THE MACHINE--
ONLY WAIT FOR THE TRIDENT TO COLLAPSE, ONLY READY HIMSELF TO TAKE THE STRAIN--
ONLY HOPE AGAINST HOPE--
SKZZ
--ONLY CONNECT.
AAAIIIEEEEEEEEE


RE-ENERGISED, THE WATCH-TOWER ROCKETS FORWARD IN TIME. ON A BILLION WORLDS HIGHER EVOLUTIONARIES FEEL ITS WAKE--
A NEW DAWN BREAKS. THE TOWER REAPPEARS IN THE PLANET'S RUINED PRESENT--
VWORP! VWORP!
--AND MOMENTS LATER, A WHEEZING, GROANING NOISE SOUNDS FROM DEEP WITHIN.
DOCTOR!!!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! THIS ISN'T WHAT ANYONE WANTED, YOU STUPID OLD--
OH, IZZY. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT...
FEELS COLD NOW. WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE WARMER NEXT--

THE GRIM VISIONS CAUSED BY ITS PASSING CEASE. AT YEAR ZERO, RASSILON ACTIVATES HIS EYE OF HARMONY, AND THE LEGEND OF THE TIME LORDS BEGINS--
ALL IS AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. ALL IS AS IT WAS.
IS HE--
I THINK ... I THINK HE--
I THINK HE'S CHANGING--


AND SO THE GREATEST OF ALL GALLIFREY'S MYSTERIES BEGINS ONCE AGAIN--
HE TURNS AWAY FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD, REACHES OUT FOR THE LIGHT--
AND EMERGES, RENEWED, IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
THERE, THAT'S BETTER. NOW, WON'T ONE OF YOU PLEASE PUT THE KETTLE ON--
I COULD MURDER A NICE CUP OF TEA.
NEXT ISSUE: WORMWOOD

1998 readers' survey

It's been a busy year for *Doctor Who*. Tom Baker finally unveiled his long-threatened autobiography; BBC Worldwide seized the reins of published *Who* fiction; *The War Machines* was painstakingly pieced together; and we bade fond *adieus* to series luminaries Terry Nation and Sydney Newman, perhaps the show's very founding fathers. Meanwhile, **DWM** marked its 18th year with a complete design overhaul, the first-ever publication of a 'lost' three-part interview with controversial late seventies producer Graham Williams, a complete trawl around BBC's fabled film and videotape library, and a titanic team-up comic strip tale which pitted the Eighth Doctor against two races of Daleks and the all-seeing Threshold. We even managed to fit in a falsified history of *Doctor Who*'s early nineties renaissance in a special issue guest-edited by none other than Sophie Aldred . . .

But what did you make of it all? Read on . . .

Favourite issue (DWMs 248-260)

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

ELISABETH SLADEN

FREE! Double-sided poster

DWM 250	515 votes
DWM 255	497
DWM 258	317
DWM 257	180
DWM 260	110

A keen endorsement, then, of our celebratory relaunch number – but any complacency is mitigated by the fact that the issue overseen by one Sophie Aldred was only just behind . . .

General content

Gallifrey Guardian	8.75
Interviews	8.54
Special features	8.46
Shelf Life	8.40
The DWM Archive	8.04
Telesnap Archive	7.68
Collectors' Heaven	7.20
Comic Strip	7.00
Timelines	6.95
Out of the TARDIS	6.54
Fluid Links	6.12
The High Council	5.80
Outside the Spaceship	5.67
The life & times of Jackie Jenkins	5.50
The Fanzine Trap	4.70

Gallifrey Guardian

Melodrama and intrigue dog alleged *Who* rights bid

We asked for an assessment out of ten of each of **DWM**'s usual ingredients, where 1 was 'of no interest at all' and 10 'can't live without it'. *Gallifrey Guardian* maintains its dominance in previous years' 'Favourite regular feature' category; at the lower end of the poll, new columnist Jackie Jenkins suffers from a vote split between equal numbers of 1s and 10s, establishing her column as easily the most controversial part of the magazine. Needless to say, she'll be around for a while yet . . .

Favourite special feature

What if? [*possible future series post-1989, **DWM** 255*]	698 votes
Out of the vaults [*inside the BBC archives, **DWM** 257-9*]	385
10 more moments when you know . . . [*readers' favourite bits of series, **DWM** 250*]	225
To be continued . . . [*cliffhangers, **DWM** 249*]	170
Roots [*influences on series, various*]	163

An overwhelming victory for Dave Owen's investigation of a likely history for *Doctor Who* had it not been cancelled in 1989. Two multi-part series receive a solid vote, and *To be continued . . .* strikes a blow on behalf of pretentious media studies type-essayists everywhere.

What if?

Favourite interview

Tom Baker	805 votes
Christopher H Bidmead	555
Elisabeth Sladen	345
Katy Manning	231
Graham Williams	195

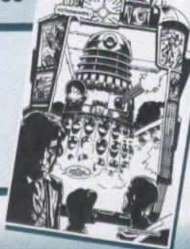
This is Ground Control to Major Tom . . .

DWM editor Gary Gillatt's lengthy mental grappling with the Fourth Doctor's alter-ego sits way above its nearest rival, Peter Griffiths' three-part dissection of popular script editor Bidmead. And a sturdy vote for Graham Williams' reminiscences denies the fabulous Bonnie Langford a Top Five place.

Favourite comic strip

Fire and Brimstone	690 votes
Tooth and Claw	455
The Daleks	415
By Hook or by Crook	145
The Keep	75
A Life of Matter and Death	35

A runaway victory for the five-part Daleks/Threshold epic *Fire and Brimstone*. The more traditional gothic operatics of *Tooth and Claw* ensure it a clear second place; Ron Turner and John Lawrence's *TV21* retro chic takes the bronze.



MARLONBRANDOMARILYNMONROECHARLIECHAPLINBETTEDAVISGRACE
KELLYDAVIDBOWIEDIANAJOHNLENNONTELETUBBIESGENEKELLYELVISPR
ESLEYBRADPITTSPICEGIRLSTOMBAKERAREALL20THCENTURYICONS . . .

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ICON2

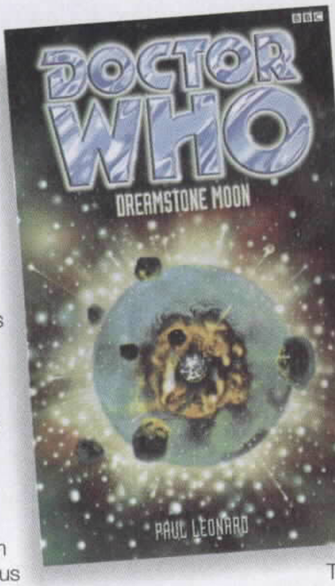
Shelf Life

In which the Third Doctor gets embroiled in carryings-on up the (sort of) Khyber

And Dave Owen ponders how Terrance Dicks' novels have come to such a pretty Pass

DOCTOR WHO: DREAMSTONE MOON

Novel BBC Books **Author** Paul Leonard **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Sam **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40585 6 **Available** Now



It would appear that your reviewer liked Paul Leonard's *Speed of Flight* rather more than most of you did. Its main appeal to me was the way in which Paul had seized upon one of the more fundamental truths of space travel – that with different pulls of gravity on different planets, life is considerably different – and built a world around the fact, rather than conveniently ignoring it, as often done in film and on television. He reminds us of another inescapable fact of space travel here – that you need air to breathe, and there isn't any in space. Exposure to space can leave you with frostbite, sunburn and damaged lungs, as Sam discovers when she is rescued from the Kusk ship she found herself in at the end of *Longest Day*. Indeed, Sam takes a lot of such punishment in what is an unusually physical novel; it's her book for the most part, with the Doctor not appearing throughout the first third. Sam's rescuers take her to the dreamstone moon of the title, where gems which can assist with creative dreaming are mined and shipped back – not to the Earth still reeling from military and cultural assault by the combined might of the Daleks and author John Peel, but to the colony worlds, peopled, one presumes, by the sharper, brighter members of human society. One such is Anton La Serre, a professional who records his dreams so that others might experience them. A batch of bad stones leads him to their source, where the book focuses.

Time and space limitations constrain the ways in which regular characters make friends and allies with others, and Sam having her life saved by an anti-mining protester is unremarkable. What is more grown-up about *Dreamstone Moon* is the way Sam's allegiances change with her needs. She debates briefly about the morality of siding with the establishment before doing just that because she needs to eat. And the protesters are not above abandoning their ideals to achieve their ends; a televised funeral for some dead comrades becomes a propaganda broadcast when the survivors speak.

Dreamstone Moon doesn't have a formulaic captured-escape-captured-escape narrative, but it does trade too heavily on Sam believing the Doctor to be dead, then finding he is alive, before coming to believe he is dead again. The two never actually meet, although they are aware of each other's presence on the moon, adding a poignancy beyond such a farcical situation as in *The Romans* (wherein two parties from the TARDIS don't learn that they are in Rome simultaneously).

Although a far more structured novel than *Longest Day*, and a simply more intelligent one than *Legacy of the Daleks*, this latest in the saga of the Doctor and Sam's separation could be improved greatly by cutting down on the number of action sequences. The disaster scenario which makes much of the mining base uninhabitable has more than a touch of the James Camerons about it. Perhaps the premise of dream-generating stones had led me to expect a more internalised work, and not an action movie on paper.

Companion Sam takes a lot of punishment in this unusually physical novel

DOCTOR WHO: CATASTROPHEA

Novel BBC Books **Author** Terrance Dicks **Featuring** The Third Doctor, Jo, the Draconians **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40584 **Available** Now

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
CATASTROPHEA
TERRANCE DICKS

Even before opening Terrance Dicks' latest contribution to *Doctor Who* one is swayed by doubts, since the very title reprises two of the series' follies. The first is story titles comprising only a proper noun offering little clue as to the content (see *Shada*, *Kinda* or *Frontios*), and the second is Dalek creator Terry Nation's charming habit of naming planets after the disasters which will befall them (Desperus, Aridius, Mechanus). After finally closing the book, one concludes that a better title might have been *Solos*, so heavily does it borrow from *The Mutants*.

The first similarity is in the setting – the planet of the title, where a human force of occupation keeps the natives suppressed. Although *The Mutants* can be read as an allegory for minority rule in apartheid South Africa, *Catastrophea* is clearly inspired by the British Empire's colonisation of India. Far from being purely allegorical, a much more literal signal is given by having commanding officers share afternoon drinks brought by a native houseboy, or by the Doctor and Jo emerging from the TARDIS wearing khakis and pith helmets. This is oddly out-of-place in a novel firmly set after *Planet of the Daleks*, and the kind of imagery one would more likely expect from Steven Wyatt or Douglas Adams.

The government and the rebels who oppose them are faceless and unmemorable ciphers. Only rarely does the author attempt to flesh out the characters' past lives and explain their motivations; when he does, it is with a heavy-handedness that makes it seem scarcely worthwhile. Little rich girl turned cult-hopper Alanna suffers particularly. On the other hand, Terrance is adept at concisely sketching characters we know already. His Third Doctor and Jo are caricatures, and it seems that even they know it – "off-world slut" Jo finds herself looking around during a crisis and pondering the precise moment to fall to the ground, moaning and clutching her stomach.

An obsession with illegal narcotics pervades the author's recent work, as does the phenomenon of previously rational individuals suddenly turning into homicidal maniacs, like US postal workers. Akin to the Kinda of Deva Loka, the natives of Catastrophea are telepathic mutes, and docilely carry out their masters' orders until turning savage and having to be culled. This placidity is self-imposed, and a similar feeling of calm overtook me as I worked through the Doctor being mistaken for a famous rebel, getting captured, escaping, getting captured again, and eventually working his way upriver to find the cause of all the disturbances.

The Draconians make a cameo appearance late in the game. Given their obvious popularity and the way they have featured passingly in so much *Doctor Who* fiction, it's surprising that a whole book hasn't been devoted to them before. So well-defined were their codes of honour and modes of speech in their sole television appearance that, by sticking closely to these, the author can't go far wrong. Had he introduced them sooner, then *Catastrophea* might not have come so near to deserving its title.

Vainly, I wonder if the author has perhaps paid heed to *Shelf Life*'s checklist of *Eight things that never happen in Terrance Dicks books* [**DWM** 252], as he seems to be consciously avoiding his old habits – this is not a sequel to any of his earlier works, there is no old foe at the heart of affairs, and both vampires and corrupt Gallifreyan rulers are notably absent. But towards the end, like an old comedy catchphrase being revived, he repeats his *Blood Harvest* trick of getting a character in the story to do what he did so many times – describe the TARDIS both "wheezing" and "groaning". He wouldn't let it lie.

Both of this month's BBC Books novels feature crystals that control people's minds, and bands of young rebels opposing exploitative settlers. In itself this doesn't demonstrate a dearth of imagination, but perhaps the schedule could have been re-jigged so as to stagger these books' publication months. Having successfully established a new Doctor and companion, the range can afford to diversify as well; and a novel so derivative as *Catastrophea* really needs to be partnered by something as *avant garde* as the wonderful *Alien Bodies*.

Given their popularity, it's odd that Draconians haven't featured heavily in a novel before

THE NEW ADVENTURES: WALKING TO BABYLON & OBLIVION

WALKING TO BABYLON Novel Virgin Publishing **Author** Kate Orman **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield, the People **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 426 20521 9 **Available** Now

OBLIVION Novel Virgin Publishing **Author** Dave Stone **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield, Chris Cwej, Roz Forrester, Jason Kane **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 426 20522 7 **Available** Now

Bernice's 'Professors Behaving Badly' lifestyle of penury, hangovers and brief encounters has suited her male writers to date – perhaps too well, and I was glad to see *Doctor Who*'s only female novelist finally addressing its only leading lady. *Walking to Babylon* reads as if written in answer to my pleas last time *Shelf Life* looked at the Professor – the series has been shaken well away from the formulaic rut it was wobbling in and out of, and Bernice has, if not the requested time machine, at least a pathway back into the past.

That's one way of taking Bernice away from her routine of waking up groggy and being away leading a dig by lunchtime. In *Oblivion*, Dave Stone – who can never be accused of doing anything the simple way – instead launches her into a universe where reality itself is continually fracturing and reforming, and anything can happen. In the sedate comfort of the television series, or the *Missing Adventures*, this would be achieved by the pressing of a button marked 'Emergency Unit' – but, this being the nineties, there is a far more scientific explanation. (Incidentally, *Shelf Life* itself has recently experienced a few quantum fluctuations in reality, and entered worlds where Justin Richards wrote *Kursaal*, Olaf Stapledon and not EM Forster wrote *The Machine Stops* and Keith Topping's first name is Paul. Thanks to Mrs AJ Spenton of Northampton and literally several others for writing in to point these out.)

In both books, Bernice owes her expanded horizons to the assistance of some old friends. *Walking to Babylon* offers a less idealised view of the People, the all-powerful society (I now hesitate to use the term civilisation) from previous works, showing that their aggression is not confined to rare individuals. Far from being isolationists, the People are prepared to go to extreme lengths to ensure their survival – including destroying the ancient city of Babylon in order to cover up traces of a time travel experiment that would lead to war with a certain unnamed near-immortal time-travelling race familiar to all *Doctor Who* fans. (It's a matter of speculation as to whether such a war could happen – the Time Lords are certainly doing badly against an unnamed opponent in BBC Books' *Alien Bodies*, who might, just might, be the People.)

Dave Stone's literary allusions go further than BBC Books. He takes his own colourful cast from *Sky Pirates!*, wrenches them from their unreal clockwork universe and strands them in curious analogues of fictional London. I recognised a version of Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, and a grotesque alternative to Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Heaven knows what I missed – reading Dave's work induces a kind of literary paranoia that whole send-ups are passing one by simply through not being so well-read as the author.

The perennial challenge for Bernice's writers, that she used to be a support and is now a lead, can be dealt with in a number of ways. Justin Richards gave her a crypto-Doctor figure in Braxiatel, Matt Jones and Lawrence Miles gave her companions of her own to lead. What Kate Orman does in *Walking To Babylon* is give her a romantic interest, a Victorian linguist deposited in Babylon by the People's illicit experiment. Attraction may be universal, but the couple's cultural differences make Bernice the dominant partner. One-book boyfriends used to be a staple of the *New Adventures*, but John Lafayette sticks out here as an example of how they can enrich rather than detract from the regular character.

Oblivion is rather more of an ensemble piece. As well as the wacky folk from *Sky Pirates!*, Bernice is joined by Chris Cwej, ex-husband Jason and – unsurprisingly, given the tortured nature of reality herein – a young Roz Forrester. They all spend a lot of time arguing in frenetic escape sequences, but the best illustrations of the characters come when they are depicted in tableaux showing what they could have become: Bernice the sadistic Space Corps officer, Chris the corrupt adjudicator, Jason the down-and-out wife-beater. It is never explicitly stated in *Oblivion* that these wretches are what our friends would have been had they not encountered the magic of the Doctor, nor in *Walking to Babylon* is it said that the People's enemies are the Time Lords. Both Kate and Dave both nevertheless ensure with wit and subtlety that *Doctor Who*'s shadow is still cast over the *New Adventures*. **DWM**

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SPACE GIRL

"When we did The Paradise of Death, Nick, Jon and I turned up in the radio studio on the first morning and thought 'My God, is this going to work?'"

KEY TO LISTING
Ar Archive **Ft** Feature **It** Interview **St** Strip
Ts Telesnap Archive **Tx** Text fiction

DWM 198 Free poster **It** Richard Gauntlett; Dick Mills **Ar** *Time and the Rani* **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Prison in Space*; Making *Silver Nemesis* **St** *Emperor of the Daleks* 2 (Paul Cornell & John Freeman/ Lee Sullivan) **Tx** *Deceit* (Peter Darvill-Evans); *Three Steps to the Left* (Glenn Langford)

DWM 199 Free poster **It** Delia Derbyshire; Johnny Byrne; Ingrid Pitt **Ar** *Warriors of the Deep* **Ft** Recolourising *Terror of the Autons*; Missing Stories, *The Prison in Space*; **St** *Emperor of the Daleks* 3 **Tx** *Lucifer Rising* (Andy Lane & Jim Mortimore); *Anti-Matter with Fries* (Gareth Roberts)

DWM 203 Free postcards **It** David Maloney; Carmen Silvera; Alan Bennion; Liz Parker **Ar** *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* **Ft** Readers' poll results; Missing Stories, *Paradise Five*; **St** *Final Genesis* 1 (Warwick Gray/Colin Andrew) **Tx** *Birthright* (Nigel Robinson)

DWM 204 Free postcards **It** Dudley Simpson; Bernard Archard; Edward Kelsey; Robert James; Andrew Morgan **Ar** *The Reign of Terror* **Ft** *The Paradise of Death* in studio; What the Papers Said **St** *Final Genesis* 2 **Tx** *Iceberg* (David Banks)

DWM 207 Free poster **Ar** *Attack of the Cybermen* **Ts** *The Tenth Planet* 4 **Ft** Creation of *Doctor Who*; 30 years of series **St** *Time and Time Again* (Cornell/John Ridgway) **Tx** *The Left-handed Hummingbird* (Kate Orman)

DWM 208 **It** Wendy Padbury **Ar** *The Mind of Evil* **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 2 **Ft** *New Adventures* authors; Development of *Doctor Who* **St** *Cuckoo* 1 (Dan Abnett/ Ridgway) **Tx** *Conundrum* (Steve Lyons); *Front Line* (Paul Smith)

DWM 209 **It** David Burton; John Gorrie; Jane How **Ar** *The Underwater Menace* **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 4 **Ft** *New Adventures* authors; *Dimensions in Time* sfx; Missing Stories, *The Giants* **St** *Cuckoo* 2 **Tx** *No Future* (Cornell)

20 moments when you know you're watching the greatest television series ever made . . .

20 "It could mean the end of the war..."

"You can't mend people!" 19

DWM 210 Free postcards **It** Philip Hinchcliffe; Angus Lennie; Glen McCoy **Ar** *Terror of the Zygons* **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 6 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Rosemariners*; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Cuckoo* 3 **Tx** *Tragedy Day* (Roberts)

DWM 211 Free postcards **It** Roberta Tovey **Ar** *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 2 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Rosemariners*; *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* sfx **St** *Uninvited Guest* (Gray/Ridgway) **Tx** *Legacy* (Gary Russell)

DWM 212 **It** Deborah Watling; Pauline Collins **Ar** *The Faceless Ones* **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 4 **Ft** What the Papers Said; *The Colin Baker Years* **St** *Victims* 1 (Abnett/Andrew) **Tx** *Theatre of War* (Justin Richards); *Useless Things* (David Carroll)

DWM 214 Free postcards **It** Janet Fielding; Peter Davison **Ar** *The Tenth Planet* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 2 **Ft** Missing Stories, *Hex*; **St** *Victims* 3 **Tx** *Blood Harvest* (Terrance Dicks); *Roses* (Robert Mammone)

DWM 215 Free postcards **It** Louise Jameson; David Troughton; Peter Davison **Ar** *The Curse of Peladon* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 4 **Ft** Reeltime Pictures **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 1 *(Roberts/Martin Geraghty)* **Tx** *Strange England* (Simon Messingham)

DWM 216 **It** Sylvester McCoy; Keff McCulloch; John Challis; Kenneth Gilbert **Ar** *The Monster of Peladon* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 6 **Ft** Editing *The Seeds of Doom*; Readers' Survey; BBV **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 2 **Tx** *First Frontier* (David McIntee)

DWM 217 Extra pages **It** Lalla Ward; Sylvester McCoy; Pip and Jane Baker **Ar** *The Mark of the Rani* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 2 **Ft** *Doctor Who and Tanni*; Historical stories **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 3 **Tx** *St Anthony's Fire* (Mark Gatiss)

DWM 218 Free index **It** Sarah Sutton; Sylvester McCoy **Ar** *The Ark in Space* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 4 **Ft** Peter Cushing tribute; Missing Stories, *The Doomsday Contract*; Roy Castle tribute; What the Censor Saw **St** *Food for Thought* 1 (Nick Briggs/Andrew) **Tx** *Falls the Shadow* (Daniel O'Mahoney)

DWM 219 Free index **It** Caroline John; Sylvester McCoy; Milton Johns **Ar** *The Enemy of the World* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 6 **Ft** *The Zero Imperative*; Missing Stories, *The Doomsday Contract*; *Shakedown*; What the Censor Saw **St** *Food for Thought* 2

DWM 221 **It** Carole Ann Ford; Rex Tucker **Ar** *The Gunfighters* **Ts** *The Underwater Menace* 2 **Ft** What the Censor Saw; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Change of Mind* 1 (Orman/Barrie Mitchell) **Tx** *Parasite* (Mortimore)

All the news on the brand new Doctor Who TV Movie!
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
Paul McGann is the Doctor!

DWM 223 **It** Michael Hayes; David Driver **Ar** *The Armageddon Factor* **Ts** *The Underwater Menace* 4 **Ft** The future in *Doctor Who*; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Change of Mind* 3 **Tx** *Infinite Requiem* (Daniel Blythe)

DWM 224 Free collectors' cards **It** Andrew Cartmel; Michael Hayes **Ar** *The Abominable Snowmen* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 1 **Ft** The Second Doctor; *Doctor Who* on the internet **St** *Land of the Blind* 1 (Gray/Sullivan)

DWM 225 **It** Michael Craze; Sylvia James; Nicholas Parsons; Andrew Cartmel **Ar** *The Curse of Fenric* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 2 **Ft** *Eye of the Beholder* **St** *Land of the Blind* 2 **Tx** *Sanctuary* (McIntee)

DWM 227 **It** Mark Strickson; Nicholas Courtney; Sophie Aldred (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Snakedance* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 4 **Ft** Alien worlds in *Doctor Who*; *Doctor Who* audio books **St** *Up Above the Gods* (Richard Alan/Sullivan) **Tx** *Meridians* 1 (Cartmel)

DWM 228 **It** John Leeson; Nicholas Courtney; Gary Cady; Matthew Waterhouse (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *The Ark* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** Missing Stories, *The Song of the Space Whale* **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* (Alan Barnes/Geraghty) **Tx** *Meridians* 2

DWM 229 **It** John Bloomfield; Nicholas Courtney **Ar** *The Face of Evil* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** *Downtime*; Vox pops; Missing Stories, *The Song of the Space Whale* **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* 2 **Tx** *Meridians* 3

DWM 230 **It** Nicholas Mallett; Jeremy Bear; Judy Cornwell; Richard Briers; Howard Cooke; John Levene; Caroline John (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *The Mutants* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* 3

DWM 231 **It** William Russell; David Brierley; Will Barton; Julian Holloway; Chris Clough; Louise Jameson (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Timelash* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** *The Five Doctors Special Edition*; Michael Wisher tribute **St** *Operation Proteus* 1 (Roberts/Geraghty)

DWM 236 **It** Nicola Bryant; Sheila Ruskin; Bob Baker/Dave Martin **Ar** *The Keeper of Traken* **Ts** *The Highlanders* 4 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 4; The New Doctor **St** *Black Destiny* 2 (Russell/Geraghty) **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 1 (Barnes)

DWM 240 **It** Philip Segal; Mark Eden **Ar** *Marco Polo* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 4 **Ft** TV Movie review; Survey results; The JN-T Memoirs 8 **St** *Ground Zero* 3 (Gray/Geraghty)

DWM 241 **It** Jon Pertwee *(Out/TARDIS)*; Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** *The Dæmons* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 6 **Ft** Jon Pertwee tribute; Jon Pertwee remembered **St** *Ground Zero* 5

DWM 242 **It** Nicholas Courtney *(Out/TARDIS)*; Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** *The Space Pirates* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 5 **Ft** Class 4G on TV Movie; Series' 20 greatest moments **St** *Ground Zero* 4

DWM 244 Cybermen special **It** Kevin Clarke; David Banks **Ar** *Silver Nemesis* **Ft** For and against the Cybermen; Conventions; Time travel **St** *Endgame* 1 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 245 **It** Chris Clough **Ar** *The Mind Robber* **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 9; Roots 1; *Who* stories with the same plot; The High Council on TV Movie **St** *Endgame* 2

The mourning after…

A Gallifrey Guardian special feature

DWM 246 **It** Pennant Roberts **Ar** *The Time Warrior* **Ft** The future of *Doctor Who*; Panopticon 96; 20 forgotten functions of the TARDIS; The JN-T Memoirs 10 **St** *Endgame* 3

DWM 249 **It** Wendy Padbury *(Out/TARDIS)*; Graham Williams **Ar** *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts 5-8 **Ft** Cliffhangers; The JN-T Memoirs 13 **St** *The Daleks* 1 (John Lawrence/Ron Turner); *The Keep* 2 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 251 **It** Graham Williams; Elisabeth Sladen **Ar** *The Romans* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 1 **Ft** Persona of the Doctor; *Doctor Who* dictionary; Roots 3 **St** *The Daleks* 3; *Fire and Brimstone* 1 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 252 **Ar** *The Ambassadors of Death* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 2 **Ft** Terry Nation tribute; Overview of *New Adventures*; Persona of the Doctor **St** *The Daleks* 4; *Fire and Brimstone* 2

DWM 253 **It** Michael Ferguson; Mark Ayres; Peter Moffatt **Ar** *The Pirate Planet* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 3 **Ft** Rebuilding *The War Machines*; Roots 4; Readers' survey results **St** *The Daleks* 5; *Fire and Brimstone* 3

DWM 254 **It** Yee Jee Tso (*Out/TARDIS*) Peter Moffatt; Tristan de Vere Cole; John Davies **Ar** *The Wheel in Space* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 4 **Ft** The Master; Manopticon 5 **St** *The Daleks* 6; *Fire and Brimstone* 4

DWM 257 **It** Christopher H Bidmead; Mark Strickson (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Logopolis* **Ft** Inside BBC vaults; *Doctor Who* CD-Rom **St** *Tooth and Claw* 1 (Barnes/Geraghty)

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Gallifrey Guardian

Scattered BBC departments plan Who celebrations

Doctor Who tie-in documentaries planned for '98

Two different programme makers' groups in the BBC are each in the initial planning stages for *Doctor Who* documentary projects.

The first, linked to Purchased Programmes – the department responsible for the buying-in and presentation of overseas programming, are looking to produce a series of brief 'Vox Pop' interviews with fans of a variety of fantasy series, including *Doctor Who* – to be screened before repeats of such programmes on BBC2. It was not suggested that these repeats would necessarily include *Doctor Who* itself. These short 'chatty' interludes would adopt the same format as last year's *X-Philes* inserts, and be used to introduce a regular sci-fi strand on the BBC's second channel.

Meanwhile, BBC Manchester are in the early stages of planning a 'Monster Night', also for BBC2, which would link a string of new and repeated programmes all with a 'monster' theme. One project they are seriously considering is a 40-minute documentary of the subject of *Doctor Who* nasties. It is understood that David J Howe, author of last year's *A Book of Monsters*, has been approached for input.

Monsters: coming to BBC2?

DWM will keep you posted on both of these projects.

Hoax BBC campaign leaflets cause confusion

A pair of photocopied leaflets circulating at the DWM Perfect Day event – one purporting to be BBC Worldwide advertising, the other claiming to launch anti-Worldwide fan campaign – caused confusion and dismay among some attendees and provoked a measured response from Worldwide itself.

The first of the A6 leaflets – meticulously produced using the correct *Doctor Who* product typefaces and showing two cleverly faked video covers – had the tag line "Rematerialising near you soon, two classic adventures on video!" and 'advertised' the release of a *Doctor Who* TV Movie 'Director's Cut' on 1 November "featuring scenes previously cut from the UK transmission and a special behind-the-scenes documentary" and a 1 December re-release of an "unedited version of *The Web Planet* on one tape for the special price of £9.99"

Suspicions were raised straight away by the fact that BBC Worldwide never schedule the release of any product in the first half of December. It seemed that this first leaflet only seemed designed to lay the ground for the second.

This was far more absurd and possibly far more damaging. Titled "Don't let the BBC treat us like this!" it claimed that Worldwide were planning to re-release the Peter Davison serial *Frontios* on video in an extended form and featuring interviews with the cast and crew, less than a year after its issue in a double-pack with *The Awakening* – the new video supposedly retailing for £14.99.

The flyer then called for a boycott of new Worldwide output. "If you're as angry as me about this action" the writer storms, "then please join me in petitioning Worldwide." The address of BBC Worldwide in London was then printed followed by the *faux* campaign slogan "Enough is enough – I won't buy Dr Who videos twice."

Obviously intended as a crude but belated April Fool's joke, the leaflets did provoke much discussion among the audience at Perfect Day and led to Stephen Cole of BBC Worldwide to state: "Of course it's rubbish. Worldwide has no such plans and people should ignore this droll but trouble-making material."

The identity of the mischievous prankster remains unknown.

Anyone care to step forward?

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

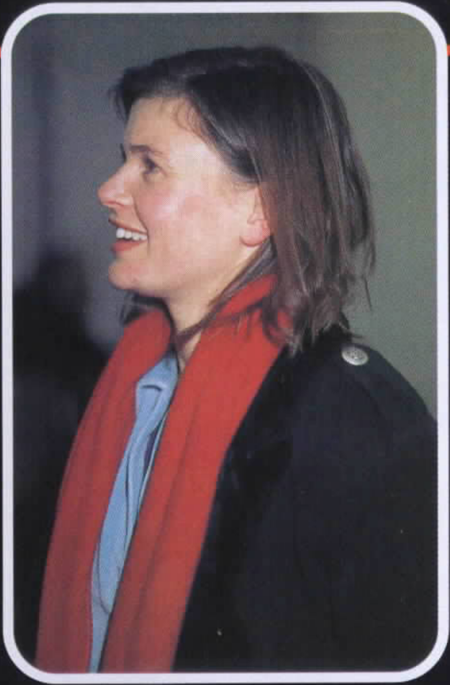
Television **Peter Davison**'s performance in the highly unpleasant *The Stalker's Apprentice* will air on ITV on Bank Holiday Monday, 25 May; *Wuthering Heights*, with Davison as Joseph Lockwood, was shown by ITV on 5 April. **Sophie Aldred** has become a reporter for Carlton Television, and is providing stories for regional shows *Heart of the Country* and *Carlton Country*. **Philip Hinchcliffe** is one of the producers working to bring some of writer John Wyndham's works to the small screen; the first will be a 13-part adaptation of *The Kraken Wakes*. **Douglas Adams** has added introductions and conclusions to Jacob Bronowski's *The Ascent of Man*, which began showing on UK Horizons from 3 May.

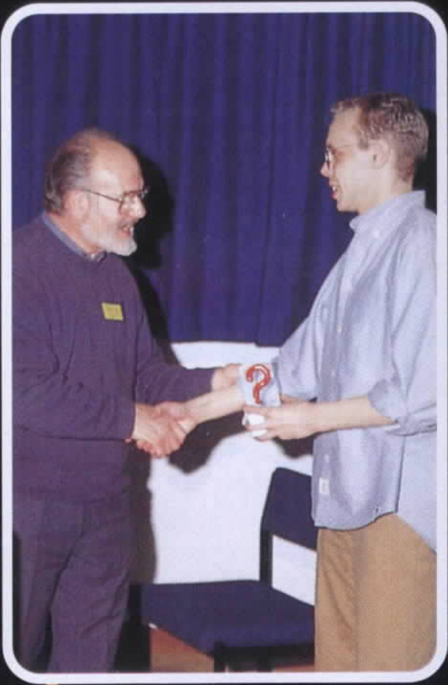
Stage **Colin Baker** concludes the *Kind Hearts and Coronets* tour – in which he plays all eight of the D'Ascoynes – with dates at: the Theatre Royal, Norwich in the week commencing 8 June (box office 01603 630000); the Everyman, Cheltenham from 15 June (01242 572573); the Hall for Cornwall, Truro from 22 June (01872 262466); Queen's, Barnstaple from 29 June (01271 324242); and the New Victoria, Woking from 6 July (01483 761144). **Sylvester McCoy** is travelling to Strasbourg in May to play Puck in The French Opera's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Obituary **Wilfrid Carter**, who played politician-cum-peacemaker Sir Reginald Styles in *Day of the Daleks*, died on 5 February aged 89.

Other news

The *4 x 4* audio project from BBC Worldwide featuring Tom Baker has been indefinitely postponed due to unforeseen production difficulties, although the company hopes to have another audio release prepared for later in the year . . . *Wages of Sin* from David A McIntee will be a Third Doctor, Jo and Liz Shaw novel from the BBC in January next year . . . **Gary Russell and Philip Segal have been commissioned to write *Doctor Who: Regeneration* for Virgin Books, a large-format behind-the-scenes look at the Paul McGann movie to be published around Easter 1999 . . .** Colin Baker and David Banks will be guests at the Infinity convention in Cardiff on 10-12 July, details c/o 12 Stuart St, Treherbert, Wales CF42 5PR





Doctor Who Magazine

Perfect Day

Held in a London City University lecture theatre on Saturday 18 April, **Doctor Who Magazine**'s Perfect Day event attempted to capture the eclectic style of the magazine live on stage before 350 readers.

From its stylish and popular opening video, which humourously wove *Doctor Who* footage into the BBC's own *Perfect Day* promotion, through Jackie Jenkins' special recreation of the opening minutes of *Galaxy 4* using sock puppets, to the afternoon panels and games with celebrity guests Katy Manning, Sylvester McCoy, Nicholas Courtney, Barry Letts and Sophie Aldred, the day provided something for everyone.

Other highlights included a *Shelf Life* panel which saw a team of Doctor Who authors create a new Third Doctor story on the spot – featuring Steven and Dodo, the Rani and a lightning BBC strike – and a Restoration Team panel which saw the first official screening of a wide range of rare *Doctor Who* material – including some of the real *Galaxy 4*. Winners of this issue's **DWM** Awards came along to collect their trophies – and some members of the audience even claimed a lump in their throat during the specially-prepared video countdown of the top ten TV serials.

Add in some hectic quizzes, Basil Brush, the songs of Suede and even a glimpse of the rough-cut of the TV Movie, and it all made a Perfect Day indeed!

Photos, from top left, following red line: Katy Manning and Nick Courtney discuss Bovril, whisky and Margaret Rutherford with *Mr and Mrs* host Paul Vyse. Sophie Aldred enjoys some Jackie Jenkins video mayhem on the main screen. Rival *Mr and Mrs* team Sylvester McCoy and Sophie take a typical detour from the matter in hand. Sophie's husband Vince Henderson and BBC boffin Mike Tucker enjoy the show. BBC Books editor Steve Cole and his counterpart at Virgin, Rebecca Levene – the best of friends. *The English Way of Death* writer – now *Emmerdale* script editor – Gareth Roberts is presented with his trophy by his former boss, Rebecca. Author Paul Cornell accepts his award for *Human Nature* from none other than Bernice Summerfield herself! Fun at the 'seventies' panel, with Katy and Nick joined by producer Barry Letts. Barry collects the Award for the all-time favourite *Doctor Who* TV serial from **DWM** editor Gary Gillatt. A second trophy has been sent to writer Terry Nation's widow, Kate.

Next issue . . .

Completely fact!

Just what was the First Doctor *really* up to in London back in November 1963? Who was the third *EastEnders* star in the Sevateem? And how did the Osmonds come to damage Dudley Simpson's car? Celebrating his tenth year as DWM's historian, Andrew Pixley presents a miscellany of the strangest *Doctor Who* trivia ever assembled!

Pyramids power!

Veteran director Paddy Russell on *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, *Horror of Fang Rock* – plus the Egyptology epic which **DWM** readers voted one of their Top Ten favourites!

Faceless no longer!

Miss Rock and Captain Blade are reunited as **DWM** unveils the final set of exclusive telesnaps from *The Faceless Ones*! Stars Wanda Ventham and Donald Pickering give us not only a Chameleon tour – but guide us around Marinus, Fetch Priory and Sarn as part of the deal!

Plus . . .

Will Barbara Wright's efforts to rewrite history lead to bloody horror? *The Aztecs* is sacrificed to *The **DWM** Archive*!

Old enemies ambush the TARDIS crew in a very peculiar Wild West town – but what awful secret lurks deep within *Wormwood*? The first part of a brand new comic strip adventure!

Shelf Life! Jackie Jenkins! *Gallifrey Guardian*! *Collectors' Heaven*! A whole pantheon of your favourite regular features!

DWM 266

On sale 4 June